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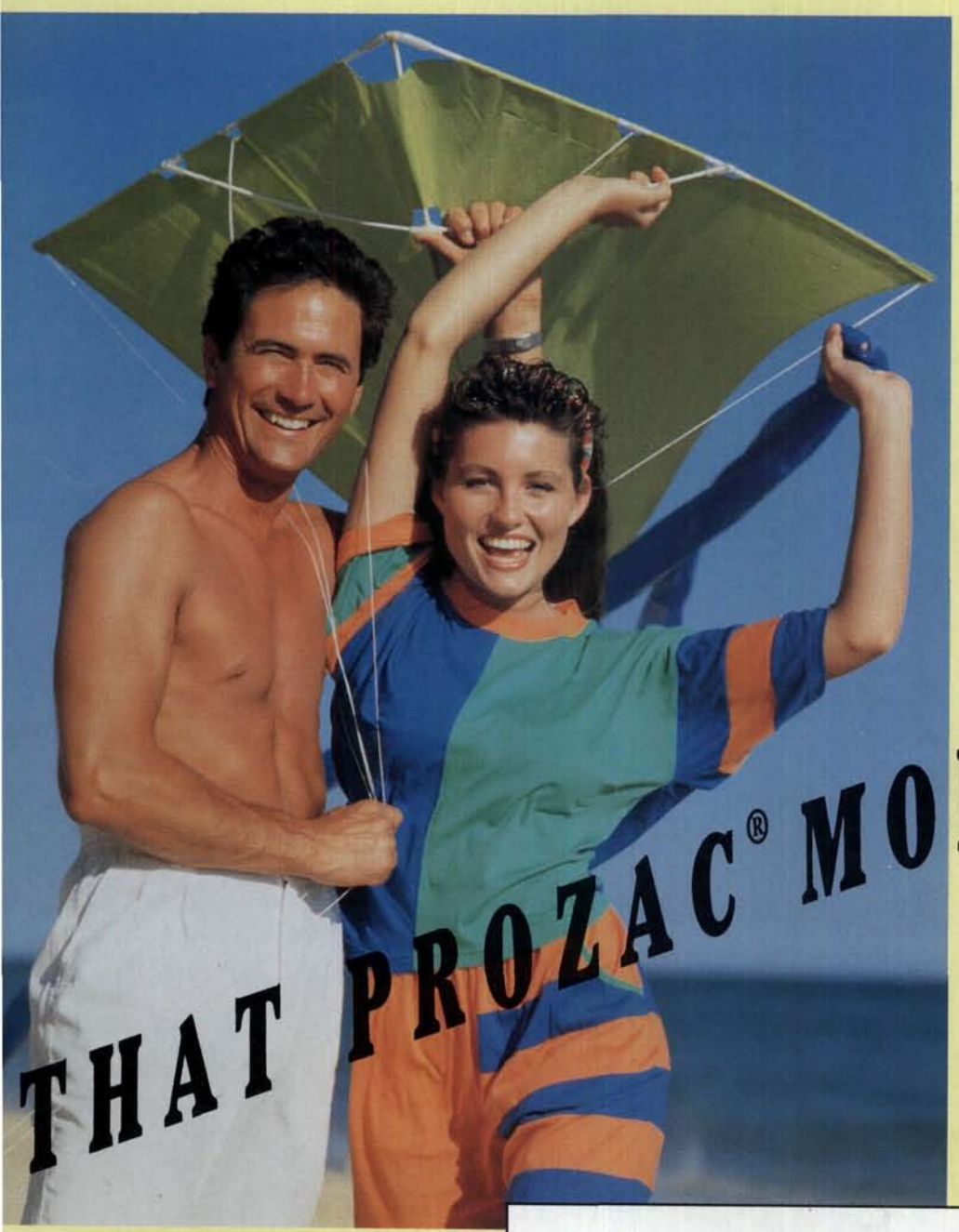

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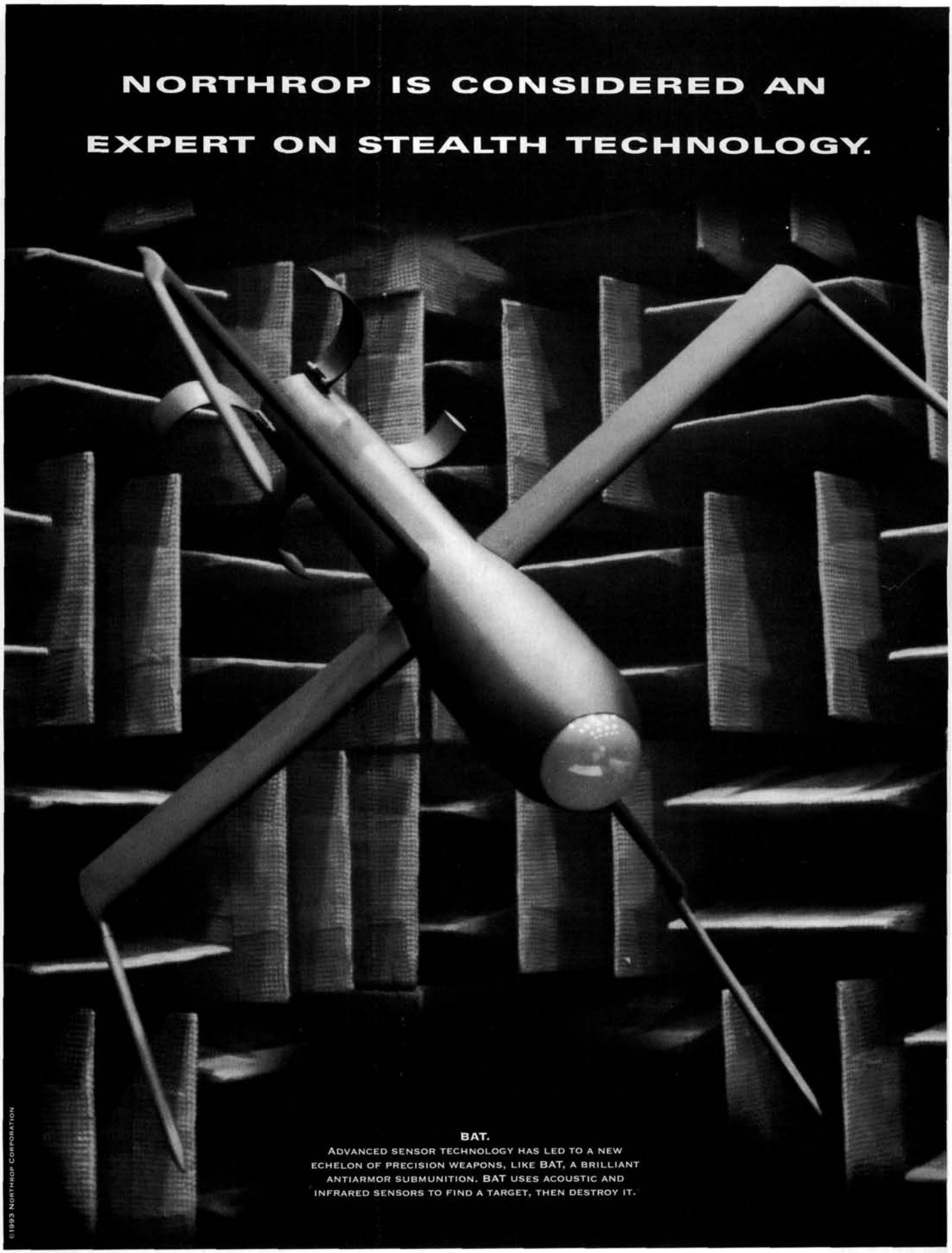
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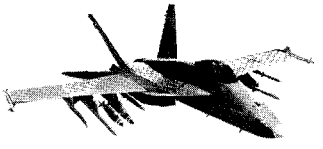

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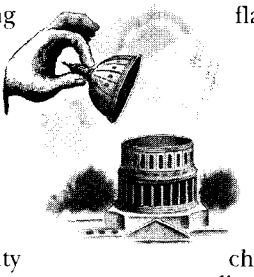
FROM WASHINGTON

Second opinion

In a screed against the Clinton health care plan published in these pages last week, Elizabeth McCaughey suggested that one of the horrors awaiting us if Bill and Hillary get their way is something called "utilization review." This is a system whereby doctors must get clearance from some central authority before performing a test or treatment on a patient.

McCaughey, "John M. Olin Fellow" at the right-wing Manhattan Institute, has become the leading nightmare scenarist of the Clinton plan. Her unique selling proposition is a claim to have read the whole thing, which I concede gives her an advantage over most commentators, including this one. But perhaps she has spent too much time buried in those famous 1,342 pages and not enough observing the world around her.

Take "utilization review." TNR readers might be interested to know that THE NEW REPUBLIC's own health care plan (of which I am a member) has extensive requirements for "utilization review." Along with health maintenance organizations, generic drug rules and so on, "utilization review" is one of the developments rapidly spreading—for good or ill—under our current health care system. It is one reason health cost inflation has abated so dramatically, allowing Clinton's critics to engage in metaphysical arguments about whether there is or is not a health care "crisis."



Clinton's health care plan is far from perfect. But the forthcoming argument over it is not just a test of his presidency. It is a test of our capacity as a democracy to have an honest and sophisticated debate over an important public issue. In particular, it is pointless to compare the Clinton plan with some idealized version of the classic American system, in which you can go to any doctor you want, who can perform any treatment he wants, order any test she wants, prescribe any drug he wants and charge whatever she wants, all paid for by insurance. That system is disappearing, whatever we do. The important comparisons are of Clinton's system with the system as it actually works now, with the system as it will work in the future with no reform and with other reform proposals as they would actually work in practice.

The Clintonites insist that their reform would reduce, not increase, cumbersome "utilization review" requirements. Could be. But it is characteristic of Clinton's sales technique that he would rather insist that his model's tires never go flat than point out that rival models get flat tires, too.

Take another example. There has been much agitation in these pages on the question of how Clinton's plan will affect medical research, especially the development of new drugs. High drug prices, high prices charged by teaching hospitals for ordinary medical services and special Medicare payments all subsidize medical research, and all will be squeezed under the Clinton plan. But all will be squeezed under *any* reform to control medical costs. In fact, the more "market-oriented" and less "government-mandated" a reform is, the more likely it is to efficiently root out these indirect subsidies.

Under the old system, drug companies were able to make large monopoly profits—beyond the legitimate monopoly profits their patents entitle them to—because neither price competition nor government controls imposed any restraint. Doctors prescribed, patients bought and often insurance paid, without regard to price. These monopoly profits provided the incentive and the capital for lavish drug research. More money has gone into drug research than a properly functioning "free market" would allocate. Reform—any reform—will reduce this research. But there is no way out of that dilemma. It is a price of reform.

The Wall Street Journal editorial page fires a shot at the Clinton plan almost every day. One recent salvo, titled "Price of Managed Care," was about how HMOs harm their patients by skimping on tests. The article cited without irony a "near-dozen malpractice specialists consulted for this piece," all of whom warned that inadequate testing is rife at HMOs.

Why do I say "without irony"? Because *The Wall Street Journal* has been campaigning for years against excessive definitions of medical malpractice. Indeed, malpractice reform is a therapy urgently recommended by those, including the *Journal*, who insist that we don't need major surgery on our health care system. It has been the paper's position that—thanks to

continued on page 45

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CORRESPONDENCE

Eye for an eye

To the editors:

"Some Jews, in sum, became murderers," says Assistant Professor Daniel Jonah Goldhagen in his review of my *An Eye For an Eye* ("False Witness," December 27, 1993). Well, good: that's something that Goldhagen and I agree on. We disagree on the number of Jews who, themselves or through deputies, committed the beatings, whippings, tortures and murders in 1945. Goldhagen says that of 25,600 members of the Office of State Security in Poland, exactly 438, or 1.7 percent, were Jews, and, as his source, he cites a 1945 tabulation by Boleslaw Bierut, Poland's Communist president. From this, says Goldhagen, employing his own italics, "we *know* how many Jews were in the Office of State Security."

I must ask, does Goldhagen really accept the statistics of Boleslaw Bierut? Does Goldhagen really believe that if Bierut, Stalin or Mao gives us a statistic, then we *know* it? In 1945 many Poles felt (and not without reason) that Jews ran the Office of State Security, and Bierut's interest in mollifying the Poles went well beyond his devotion to statistical truth. In fact, almost none of the Jews in the Office told the Office, or Boleslaw Bierut, or anyone except other Jews, that he or she was a Jew. Almost all of them changed their names to Polish ones like General Romkowski, Colonel Rozanski, Captain Studencki and Lieutenant Jurkowski, and some, when they died, were even buried in Catholic cemeteries. So how did Bierut conjure up his 438?

While according infallibility to Bierut, Goldhagen says that *An Eye For an Eye* doesn't "provide a breakdown of how many Jews were involved, what percentage they were." On the same page, contradicting himself, he reports what he calls my "claim that 75 percent of those in the Office of State Security in Silesia were Jews," a statistic he calls a "sheer invention." In fact, I never claim this. I report that 75 percent of the *officers*—the lieutenants, captains, etc.—in the Office in Silesia were Jews, and I cite the one source that would know it: the Jews themselves, including the one who was secretary of state security. On the national level, the chief of the Office was Jacob Berman, a Jew, and all or almost all the department heads were Jews.

Goldhagen writes that "among the most blatant" of my imputations are my two pages about the concentration camp at Lamsdorf. "It is only in the notes," Goldhagen says, "that the unusually diligent reader will discover the identity of the commander at Lamsdorf: he was a Polish Catholic." As diligent as I try to be, I cannot discover this note. Instead, I report in the *text* that the commandant "went to the Jewish Club ... for his friends were all Jews although he insisted (and all the Jews accepted) that *he* was a Polish Catholic," and I cite in the notes the names of some people who accepted this. Goldhagen concludes that since the man was a Catholic, "there is no reason ... to incorporate this story into this book," but in fact there is reason enough. I report in *An Eye For an Eye* that Chaim Studniberg, the director of prisons for Silesia, "longed for the same solution that Hitler had had for the Jews," and I introduce Lamsdorf as part of "Chaim's very final solution." Chaim, who appointed the Lamsdorf commandant and who often inspected the Lamsdorf camp, was a Jew, as were Chaim's own superiors in Silesia (the director of the Office and the secretary of state security) and Chaim's superiors in Warsaw (the director of prisons and the chief of the Office). Is that enough reason, please, to incorporate this story into *An Eye For an Eye*? Or does Goldhagen also believe that the many concentration camps directed by Germans but staffed by Ukrainians like Ivan the Terrible should not be incorporated into the story of the Holocaust, and that the Jews who perished there should not be counted among the 6 million?

I write in *An Eye For an Eye* that the Jews who committed these beatings, whippings, tortures and murders covered them up. While mocking this, Goldhagen continues the cover-up by suppressing much of *An Eye For an Eye* and apparently hoping that no one, by reading it, will ever uncover it. "Deep in Sack's end-notes," says Goldhagen, "Sack ... acknowledges that there are vast differences between what these Jews did to Germans and what the Germans did to Jews.... Why, then, does he not state [this] clearly and prominently in the body of his text...?" Let me ask: Did anyone, reading these words, guess that the first 20 percent of *An Eye For an Eye*, as well as much of the final 80 percent, is *exclusively* about the Holocaust, is about what the Germans did to Jews? Did anyone guess that these scenes *show* the vast differences between what the Germans did and what the Jews did—differences that I do indeed summarize in the text? "This was no Holocaust," I write, "or the moral equivalent of the Holocaust."

Elsewhere, Goldhagen writes that my most serious moral flaw is "the concept of 'Jewish revenge.'" Did anyone, reading this, guess that the concept of Jewish revenge came from the Jews themselves? That Lola Potok, the commandant of Gleiwitz, who considered herself a Jew, not a Communist or a Pole, applied for her job saying, "I want revenge"? That Shlomo Morel, the commandant at Schwientochlowitz, walked into a German barracks saying, "I am a Jew," not "I am a Communist" or "I am a Pole," "and I swore that if I got out [of Auschwitz], I'd pay all you Nazis back"? Myself, I write of "Jewish revenge" only when I'm also writing of "Jewish redemption," but did anyone guess that most of the Jews in *An Eye For an Eye* soon turned against the Office and, far from perpetuating the "Jewish revenge," risked their lives to stop it?

I could go on and on. The Office, says Goldhagen, is "likened by Sack to the Gestapo." Did anyone guess that I never say this but Lola, the Jewish commandant, does? "Only toward the end of the narrative," says Goldhagen, "does the reader come across information indicating that the horrible deeds imputed to Jews were done under the auspices of the Polish government." Did anyone guess that this "end of the narrative" occurs on page 53, just a third of the way into *An Eye For an Eye* and prior to any "horrible deeds" at all? "How on earth," says Goldhagen, "could a serious publisher put out a book ... when important sections of it are obviously fictionalized?" Did anyone guess that, as I write, "the quotations in *An Eye For an Eye*, with three minor exceptions that I describe in the notes, are not 'reconstructed' but are what people really recalled or, very rarely, would have to have said"? The minor exceptions, in which my sources recalled the gist but not the words of a conversation, comprise about 200 words of *An Eye For an Eye*. Did anyone guess that that's what the "obvious fiction" is? "In no sense," says Goldhagen, is *An Eye For an Eye* justified in "its sensational portrait of Jews dominating Poland after the war and employing their allegedly vast power in a conspiratorial way." Did anyone guess that I never say any of that and, if any other author did, I'd call it hogwash?

In sum, as Goldhagen phrases it, I have enormous compassion for the Jews who suffered in the Holocaust and for the ones who sought revenge against the Germans, and, as I say in *An Eye For an Eye*, if I'd been a Jewish survivor I feel I would have done it myself. I also have compassion for Goldhagen, who must fervently wish that the Jews hadn't done it at all. I wish they hadn't, too, but alas, they did, and Goldhagen must someday confront it.

JOHN SACK
New York, New York

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To the editors:

I am writing to support Daniel Jonah Goldhagen's acceptance of Bierut's statistic on the percentage of Jews in the Communist Polish security services.

From 1950 until 1953, in Communist Poland, I served in the third department of the main administration of military counterintelligence. I was in charge of approving the promotions of all officers above the rank of lieutenant colonel. For many years, in another division of the main administration, I was also employed in collecting personal information and maintaining files on members of the Polish officer corps. I therefore know, from my long and intimate experience with the modus operandi of the personnel offices of the Polish Communist security services, that any recruit to any of their branches was required to declare truthfully his ethnic origin. For before he was fully admitted into the service every recruit would undergo a comprehensive background check. His close and distant relatives, the organizations and groups to which he had belonged, etc. would be thoroughly investigated. An outwardly Polonized Jew would be listed in the files of the personnel department as a Jew, and the *internal* statistics of every department would reflect its real ethnic composition. The handwritten *internal* note of the president of Poland, which records that only 1.7 percent of the employees of the Office of State Security were Jews, can therefore without any doubt be taken to be absolutely accurate. Communist security agencies wanted to know everything about those who had enlisted in their service and for internal purposes kept meticulous records about them.

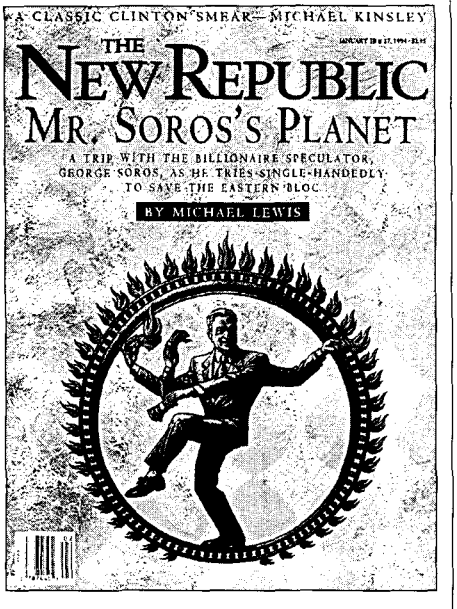
DR. MICHAEL CHECINSKI
George C. Marshall European Center for Security Studies
Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany

Daniel Jonah Goldhagen replies:

Reproducing here page 53 would itself suffice as an exposé and a response. It conveys nothing remotely resembling what Sack alleges, namely a frank and extensive discussion of the Polish government's organization of the expulsion, internment, etc. of Germans, which, as Sack here implicitly acknowledges, is the proper and necessary context for discussing the deeds of any Jews who took part. His discussion of the Polish government's responsibility consists of the following: Stalin assembled "some Jewish and Catholic Poles," "served them Georgian wine, said, 'to Poland,' and declared them the Polish absentee government." That is it. Anyone can check the page.

Yet Sack has spilled much ink, so a longer response is necessary. With one exception noted below, Sack's many claims in his letter are similarly groundless and misleading. Space prevents me from refuting them one by one. Instead, I will focus on the two central misrepresentations of the book: the number of Jews involved and the significance of their Jewishness.

Sack, ignorant of the pertinent historical scholarship, suggests that Bierut's tabulation of the number of Jews in the security services was mendacious propaganda concocted for "mollifying the Poles." The document is nothing of the kind. The president of Poland was not trying to lie to the Poles; the document, a purely internal, top-secret, handwritten note based on a report submitted to Bierut by the minister of public security,


A CLASSIC CLINTON SMEAR—MICHAEL KINSLEY
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MR. SOROS'S PLANET
A TRIP WITH THE BILLIONAIRE SPECULATOR, GEORGE SOROS, AS HE TRIES SINGLE-HANDEDLY TO SAVE THE EASTERN BLOC
BY MICHAEL LEWIS

was merely informing Bierut about the ethnic composition of his security services. On what shall we rely? On an authoritative document, which we have no reason to believe is inaccurate, on Michael Checinski's definitive refutation of Sack, and on the concurring conclusions of professional Polish historians? Or on Sack, and on what Sack, without any verifiable evidence, claims to know?

And let us look at what Sack "knows." True to form, he misrepresents at least three of the four people whom he names here as having duped Bierut (I simply do not know about the fourth). Romkowski, Rozanski and Jurkowski, contra Sack, were all known to their non-Jewish colleagues and superiors as Jews. Jurkowski, who lives in Denmark, has said in a recent phone conversation that he was known in the security services as a Jew. Rozanski, one of the best-known Jews in the security services, was none other than the well-known son of the well-known editor of the most widely read prewar Yiddish daily newspaper in Warsaw, *Haynt!* He and Romkowski were even purged because of their Jewishness.

Sack is correct that he gives a breakdown—however unreliable—of the number of Jewish officers in the Office of State Security in Silesia, but that is not what I called for and what minimal honesty demands. I maintained that had he given a breakdown of the percentage of Jews involved in the expulsion of *millions* of Germans and in the manning of many hundreds of internment camps, then everyone would have seen how deceitful is his portrait of Jewish responsibility for these deeds.

This gets to the heart of the matter: Sack's systematic misrepresentation of Jewish involvement by focusing on the *few* Jews who were involved in the measures against Germans while essentially ignoring the vastly greater number of non-Jews (likely 99 percent of the total) who planned, oversaw and carried out the policies. To my assertion that it is a mendacious technique to point to the Jewishness of Jews as the cause for their behavior, when many more non-Jews are acting similarly, Sack has no reply, except to point to *two* cases! The expulsion and suffering of Germans was the result of the Polish state aggrandizing itself by annexing territory. There was nothing "Jewish" about these policies.

My review did not acknowledge that the man who Sack says oversaw the camps in the area containing Lamsdorf was Jewish. For this I apologize; the acknowledgement got cut in the editing process, which I realized only after publication. But Sack's point, his defense, as usual, is a red herring. Lamsdorf is presented as a horrific example of *Jewish* revenge when there is no reason to believe that any of its personnel was Jewish. Sack does describe scenes from the Holocaust; he does so, however, to set up the motive for "revenge" and to suggest an equivalence between the Holocaust and the violence that these Jews allegedly perpetrated.

His protestations notwithstanding, Sack does present a portrait of Jews dominating Poland and using their putatively vast power in a conspiratorial way. After all, the book and his letter spin a (fictitious) web of Jews disguised as Poles using their control of the Office of State Security to take personal, often murderous revenge against millions of Germans. They and others, including, apparently, me, then "suppress" the truth with a "cover-up." (Sounds like a classic Jewish conspiracy to me.) The real issue here is not a "cover-up." It is that Basic Books continues to sell this scandalous book.

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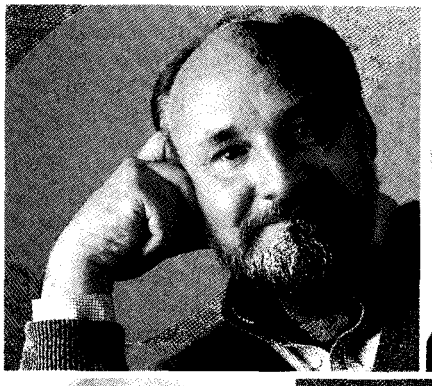

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FEBRUARY 14, 1994

OFFENSE, DEFENSE

Bill Clinton's hunt for a secretary of defense-designate to replace Bobby Ray Inman is now thankfully over. William J. Perry, the president's choice (his fourth choice, in fact) is an eminent, and, most important to the president, eminently confirmable, technocrat. He's experienced and knowledgeable, we're told, in defense technology and procurement. But even if his authority hadn't been undermined by the way he was selected, there's little in the record to suggest he'll be the innovator we need in military and defense policy.

We need such a leader in part because of Clinton's own lack of conviction about national defense. Except for budget cuts (and the president's crude promise in his State of the Union address that "we must not cut defense further"), it's hard to figure out what Clinton wants when it comes to matters military. On health care, crime or welfare reform, the president is refreshingly replete with ideas. He always has been. On defense, he's crippled by defensiveness—spooked, apparently, by the ghost of his own avoidance of military service in Vietnam. He was never one of those New Democrats (like Les Aspin) who made "defense reform" their cause during the Reagan buildup of the '80s; and, unfortunately, it shows.

Clinton's lack of surety in front of soldiers has already led to panicked policy reversals—from ending military persecution of homosexuals to intervening in Bosnia. But it was shown in choosing a new defense secretary as well. Clinton considered Inman, Sam Nunn and Warren Rudman to take Aspin's place, each a capitulation to the defense establishment's own ideas about who should run the show. *Sam Nunn?* Nunn tried to cripple the president early in his term, and is an on-the-record bigot to boot. And what common vision of national security unites these three with one another, much less with the president? Beats us.

The Pentagon pick is indicative of a more systemic Clinton flaw as well. The president's instinct in choosing a Cabinet has been to take distinguished but plodding caretakers, none of whom seems to have a fresh vision for changing his or her department. Clinton appears to want people who will be august enough to be confirmed in the Senate and hailed in the press—but not bold or creative enough to challenge or rival him. He then proceeds to work through "Friends of Bill" he has placed as deputy secretaries. It shows a fear of delegation and an insecurity about his own abilities. The only real equal he has allowed is a man to whom he is umbilically linked: Vice President Al Gore.

In Perry, Clinton has gone for the safe and obvious once again. But there is no reason that a secretary of defense must come from the "defense community" of contractors, academics and retired officers. In fact, the Pentagon may need an outsider to challenge its intellectual and budgetary habits. Certainly a smart legislator, or a tough manager with political experience, can master the Pentagon culture, even if he or she never went through basic training. Take Dick Cheney, who spent Vietnam getting a Ph.D. Senator Bill Bradley would have been such a choice, as would, say, Representative Dave McCurdy or Tim Penny. But that would have meant naming a real political figure, one who could help face down an increasingly bolshie military.

We need such a figure. Critical defense-related decisions—the future role of NATO, varied calls on American power across the world—can no longer be papered over by diplomats. Aspin's ballyhooed "Bottom-up Review" called for a force structure big enough to fight, and win, two Persian Gulf-sized wars at once. The services each got to hold on to most of their men and many of their pet weapons. But it's now clear that a military this size will cost $50 billion more than has been budgeted for the purpose. At the same time, a belligerent North Korea and the rising Russian right make a two-war scenario all too plausible. Perry will have to either revise the plans, get more money from Congress or make the services accept further savings. Probably, he'll have to do some of all three. That will take presidential support and engagement.

Managing the Pentagon, after all, is not just a matter of America's dollars and how to spend them. It's also a matter of America's interests and how to protect them. National defense is, finally, about war. And war has a way of coming on by surprise. When George Bush was elected in 1988, there was no way to know that just two years later half a million Americans would be in the Saudi desert. If another unforeseen crisis—or a foreseen one, such as North Korea—blows up on Clinton's watch, he'll need a forceful and substantial secretary of defense to help him cope. Clinton may just have ensured that, in such a crisis, he'll have no one but himself to rely on. •

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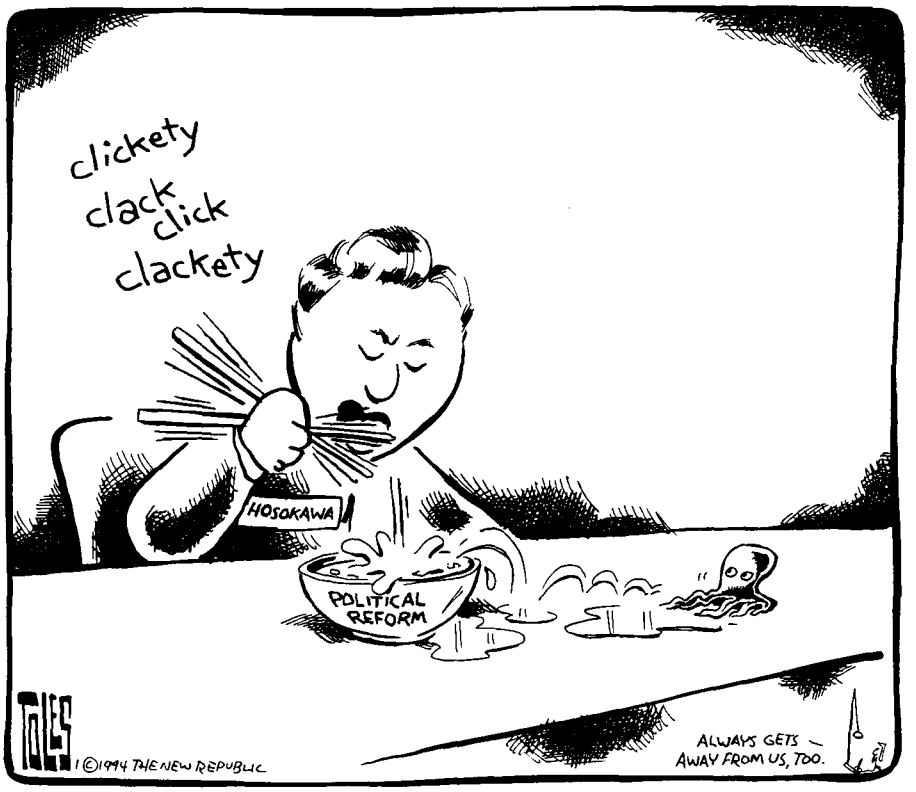
NOTEBOOK

MORALLY UPSTAGED BY THE FRENCH: The only mention of Bosnia in Bill Clinton's State of the Union address came when he paused to crow about the U.S. role in the airlift to Sarajevo. The president would just as soon not discuss the barbarism that continues despite this band-aid—it's the biggest scar on his first year in office. Clinton has now settled on a policy not much different from the Scowcroftian amoralism he rightly denounced in the 1992 campaign. The French government recently offered Washington two ideas: either lean on the Muslims to sign a partition agreement, and then deploy U.S. and European ground troops to enforce the deal, or join in NATO air strikes to help open Tuzla's airport and protect U.N. troops against the Serbs. Inaction, the French warned, could lead to a "catastrophe," including the withdrawal of U.N. forces. You would think Clinton would greet the French ideas as a sign that Europe was finally beginning to show some backbone. Instead, he treated their proposals as a ploy to get America to do Europe's dirty work. On air strikes, the U.S. excuse was a lack of NATO consensus; on enforcing partition, his complaint was the deal would be unfair to the Muslims. The real obstacles are the administration's unwillingness to take charge of the alliance, and its allergy to the use of force. And what does the United States propose? Bill Clinton—who, when it was fashionable, saw the parallel between Bosnia and the Holocaust—now sounds like a world-weary Bush: "I don't think the international community has the capacity to stop people within that nation from their civil war until they decide to do it." Coming from the leader of the world's sole remaining superpower, that's a self-fulfilling prophecy.



ASSENT: *Dissent* magazine was founded forty years ago, just as the McCarthy era was passing into history. So it didn't take particular daring to launch. What it did take was a certain orneriness and the intellectual and ethical clarity about the world in which political intellectuals—and particularly those of the democratic left—lived and worked. The original editors, of whom the most inspired was Irving Howe, had both this orneriness and that clarity—and in ample supply. They knew, for example, that the McCarthyite attack on pro-Communist and (very much larger) anti-anti-Communist elements in the United States was not really a triumph of reason or morality. It was simply the temporary victory of a bully. So the unvanquished longing for power disguised as justice—the great sin of the left in our century—would soon re-emerge. *Dissent* editors were alert to the struggles that would soon be fought against the romanticization of revolution, in general, and of specific revolutions—Cuba, China, Vietnam—as well. *Dissent*, then, was no church with a settled doctrine. It believed in and practiced the art of argument, and some of the best arguments were intramural ones. Its tool was the scalpel and not the bludgeon. The scalpel was best put to work in the analysis of American society, its cultural boorishness, economic inequities, rhetorical oversimplifications, political rigor mortis. It still is, of course, a socialist publication, and not just because of nostalgia. But this is more the socialism of questions than the socialism of answers. We wish it another forty years of questions.

MOVE OVER, KHALID ABDUL MUHAMMED: "I had this idea to do a series called *High and Mighty* about a country singer that has a near-death experience, then becomes like a gospel singer. But everybody's afraid to touch anything that's religious because most of the people out here [in Hollywood] are Jewish, and it's a frightening thing for them to promote Christianity."—Dolly Parton, quoted in the January issue of *Vogue* •

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THE FLAPJACK FILE

"BACK OFF, PUPPY"

By Douglas G. McGrath

Monday, December 21, 1993

Agent Searle, the other Secret Service agents on protection detail and I have developed a new term: Clinton's Law. If one good thing happens, ten others must go wrong. Poor Flap finally looked like he was getting on his feet and this trooper business hit. He learned about it today at a ceremony where he was proclaiming "National Extra Cheese Pizza Day." Brit Hume asked about the troopers' accusations. Flap's face got really red, the way it does when he can't wait for a plate and just flips the fried egg from the pan into his mouth, and he said, "You demean pizza with such a question!" He cut the session short, saying, "I have more important ways to spend my time than on the cheap charges of these troopers." Then he went inside to spend his time on the cheap charges of these troopers. He told Mr. McLarty to get his senior advisers in. Mr. Mack said that might take a while; most of them were out roller-blading.

So he went to the East Wing to talk with his wife. When we went in, Mrs. Rodham Flapjack was cramming documents from six-foot-high stacks into a shredding machine, though Mr. Steph begged her to stop. "Calm down, little George!" she snapped. "These are just insignificant private papers."

"None of them has to do with your involvement in the Whitewater affair?" Mr. Steph asked, fingering a file. "Like this one marked 'My Involvement in the Whitewater Affair'?"

Mrs. Rodham Flap stopped shredding. Smoke came off the machine in little puffs. There was a tense standoff until Ms. Reno snatched the file out of his hand. "Back off, puppy!" she said. "This is a matter for Justice!" She threw the file on top of a pile she had been assembling and bit open a can of Valvoline. Shaking it over the pages and striking a match, she said, "Let's send these suckers to Waco!"

Wednesday, January 12 AIR FORCE ONE

On the way to his summit with Yeltsin, the Flap worked on his State of the Union address. One of his goals is to finish writing the speech before he starts giving it.

"I think an affirming way to begin would be to list the achievements of our first year," he said. "Folks should know that we are succeeding in the hard work of change, no matter what the me-first, gotcha-minded media would have them believe. I don't know whether I've mentioned this to any of y'all or not, but according to sources as diverse as the *Congressional Quarterly* and the Sioux City Boy Scouts Semi-Annual Report, my legislative success rate is the highest of any president since Eisenhower." He glowered at them. "O.K., O.K.! Maybe I have mentioned it. You don't have to move your damn lips along with me!"

He scanned his notes. "'Fellow citizens ... Mr. Speaker ... still believe in a....' Here it is: 'If I may, I'd like to look at these areas and describe in detail what a good job I've done. No. 1: crime. By repeatedly nominating to positions people who illegally avoid paying Social Security taxes for their help, I think we have made major headway in the area of crime. Presidents Reagan and Bush pardoned and protected the criminals in their administrations. In my administration, we flush them out and crucify them.

"'No. 2: the PLO-Israeli peace. People have said I don't deserve credit for this, but it only happened when I offered to send Secretary Christopher to mediate *for however long it took.* The minute the parties heard that they would be in close quarters for open-ended sessions with Warren Christopher, they cut a deal. *That's* how good he is!

"'No. 3: We reunited President Aristide with the Haitian people. Granted they are not the ones in Haiti, they are in New York and Florida, but let's not nitpick about geography. Somalia and Bosnia have also been part of our integrated global strategy. Our actions in Somalia have made our inaction in Bosnia seem sensible. As for Bosnia, some have accused us of a double standard, that we say one thing about aggression but do another. Well, if a single standard is worth having, a double standard is *twice* as good!' "

Saturday, January 15 AIR FORCE ONE

The trip to Russia went well, with only a few mishaps. After an especially big dinner, the Flap and President Yeltsin went through the door at the same time and got stuck. (Ted Koppel and Mr. Talbott pushed them through.) And at the town meeting Flap held, a Russian student said he was impressed with the president's knowledge of Russia. "I live here," the student marveled, "yet I cannot tell you the name of the statue next to you." Flap looked at it and said, "You don't have to know much about Russia to know that. That's Secretary Christopher."

Monday, January 17

Back in D.C., it's Clinton's Law again. After promising Flap he would strengthen reform, Yeltsin fired two major reformers, the pressure for a Whitewater prosecutor is growing and there's been an earthquake in L.A.

But he's got a good spirit, Flap. He stayed cheerful. "Oh, well," he said to me and Agent Searle as he did some shots of Reddi-Wip, "even with all our problems, at least I've done one thing right. Bobby Inman's going to be a *super* secretary of defense!"

DOUGLAS G. MCGRATH is a frequent TNR contributor.

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The real Bobbitt subtext.

CLASS, NOT SEX

By Arion Berger

There's no doubt there's symbolism on many levels," said *New Yorker* emissary Gay Talese to Court T.V. It didn't take Talese's flair for the obvious to note that, as conceptual artists learned long ago, where there are critics, there is symbolism, no matter what's going on in the courtroom or the gallery. After seven days of evidence to the contrary, the media persisted in ascribing abstract values to the Bobbitt trial, using "flash point" and "empowerment" and "galvanize" by the fistful. (And, of course, "penis," the word of the hour, which is being invoked with the breathless frequency of a useful discovery, as if scientists had just looked down and seen their quarks.) As usual, when some unpleasant conflict can be described as capturing the country's imagination, the participants—"part of the tapestry that reflects the dream of America" (Talese again)—are those least interested in the debate, and the furthest removed from it.

Abstractions are useful, in their place. But when they substitute for real events, real emotions, real misery, they become a way to trivialize notions that cultural commentators would rather not admit to. Whatever one thinks of Lorena Bobbitt's crime, there's no doubt she was brutalized by Camille Paglia's breezy assessment: "She was getting something out of it, too. Women need to examine their addiction to S&M relationships." The fact is, no one who has weighed in on the event's "lessons" is in danger of living either John's or Lorena's life.

Like his isotope Paglia, Rush Limbaugh can be counted on to bury the occasional nugget of truth beneath his avalanche of infuriating extrapolation and phony statistics. There is indeed a contingent of hysterical women waving the banner of feminism as German skinheads do the cause of racial equality. When such women coolly state, as did a letter-writer in *The New York Times*, "castration is not yet the first weapon of choice," level-headed feminists can only mutter, "That's not what we meant." She isn't Jean Harris, she's Rodney King, a cringingly ordinary human being standing uncomprehendingly by as what was once a life is transformed into a debate, as signature becomes symbol.

Inside the courtroom, all the fearful, angry rhetoric became just what it is—academic. Nowhere was it clearer that what the Bobbitts mean has less than zero to do with what the Bobbitts have to say. The trial intimately described the minutiae of fairly grubby lives: pink- and blue-collar jobs, tiny apartments, holidays gone bad. Then there were the names, ancillary participants whose frequent invocations—Beltron, Castro, Basutti—resonated louder than their faces. There was skewed English, more evocative, as it often is, than the real thing: "He vomitated on my shoes," "Justice of the Pieces," "burning spoons." Moments of levity were rare. Lorena's defense psychiatrist dryly informed the prosecutor that, never having tried it, she had little notion of the mechanics of making a left turn with a penis in her hand. Earlier, a volunteer fireman on the scene at the famous intersection slurred his words to great effect. "I wrapped it nice," he said. Even unshakable Prosecutor Mary Grace O'Brien took a second to be stunned before Officer Perry described a plastic bag filled with ice.

But even these tension-breakers weren't all that welcome, an indicator of how distant the testimony was in tone from the operating-room yocks at play outside the courtroom, on late-night T.V. and by the nation's water coolers. After all, editorial writers and pundits can't convincingly argue that they're frightened of knife-wielding Ecuadoran manicurists, or even of short-tempered Marines. So what is everyone so afraid of? They don't want to parse the symbolism of what Lorena held in her hand when she left her apartment on June 23, 1993. No, not the penis and the knife. The Gameboy and the hundred dollars.

Couples fight about sex and money. In that way, the Bobbitts' woeful sex life was a corollary of their financial one: John wasted no energy between wanting and taking. Money—its getting and spending, filching and borrowing—was the dominant motif throughout Lorena Bobbitt's trial. The American dream that betrayed this couple had nothing to do with love or marriage or even sex. Those were Lorena's dreams, and we identify with hers because contemplating John's expectations is just too discomfiting. Like most borderline-average Americans—those who are not cultural commentators—John Bobbitt felt entitled. Entitled to a satellite dish, a computer, two cars, a *house* for crying out loud, all on a grand a month. His interest in spending money was in inverse proportion to his interest in earning any. In between stints as a cabbie and a nightclub bouncer, he financed his evenings out with the boys with pilferings from his wife's purse, while debts piled up and purchases were recalled. Details of this aimless, accumulative life, with its brand names and foreclosures, sticky cocktails in rowdy suburban bars, are far less comprehensible to educated media types than questions of male power. The press giggled chidingly when John was spotted shopping for a luxury car during his wife's trial, as if he should be spending it nobly, on doctor's bills or a battered husband's group. But he is not a member of the comfortable population for whom money is message; it's, well, money, contaminating not by its presence but by its absence.

Both John's and Lorena's respective I.Q.s had their moment in court. One psychiatrist ranged Lorena's in

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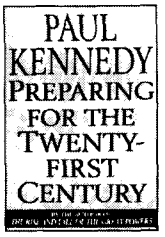

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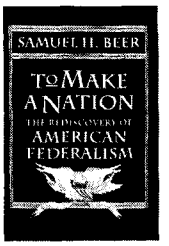

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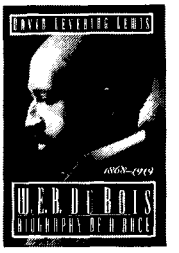

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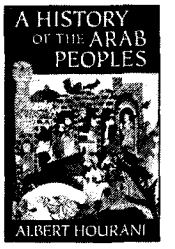

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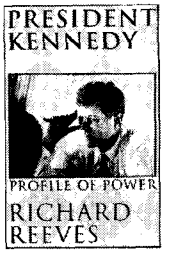

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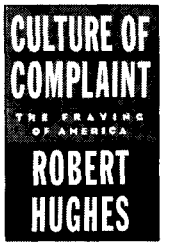

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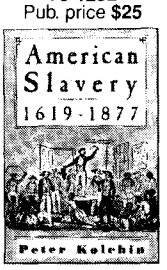

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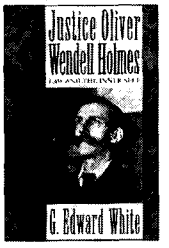

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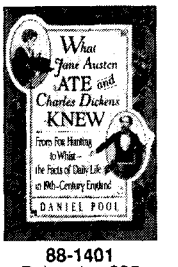

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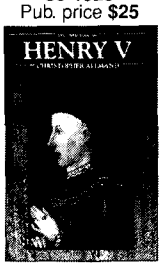

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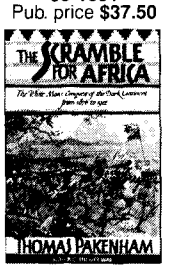

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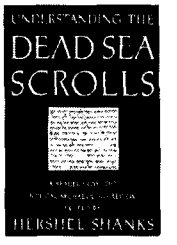

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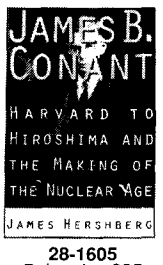

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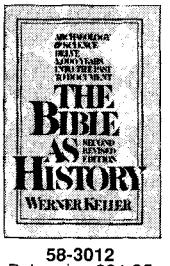

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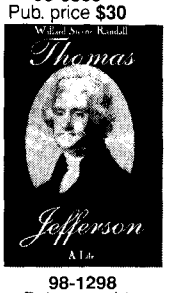

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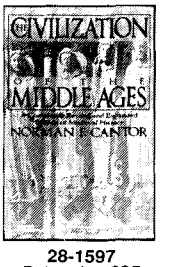

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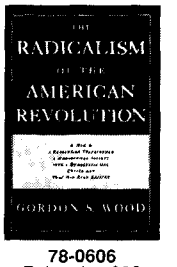

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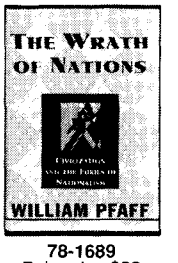

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the low 80s, which was accepted testimony. But a contemptuous statement made by a detective who, for all his sympathy on the night of the cutting, couldn't stop himself from remarking on John's stupidity, was thrown out by the prosecution almost before it was mentioned. It's worth noting that the relative thickness of these people has been off-limits to the deconstruction brigade.

Leaving aside the question of latent snobbery, the press's real struggle with Lorena's case, like the jury's, was one of motive. Using their rich fund of constructs and deep readings, the media could not agree to make sense of her actions, never realizing that Lorena herself had no such constructs upon which to draw. Neither did the members of the jury, literally unmediated as they were by anything but the testimony at hand. So rather than speculate, they took the unorthodox measure of assigning roles and re-enacting the night of June 23, 1993, inhabiting the characters they had met in court. (A male juror played the part of Lorena.) The Bobbitts became human—sad and unfunny and mutually desperate. After only three hours, the jury had had enough; they handed down a verdict of not guilty. Their decision was a vivid demonstration that going through this stuff is infinitely harder than discussing it. And all the press's outrage, the tittering, the self-important sidetaking slowed to a trickle, proving that, in the end, the last thing we really wanted was to understand.

ARION BERGER is a free-lance writer.

COURT WATCH

BOYS AND GIRLS

By Jeffrey Rosen

Last week, with William Rehnquist's provisional consent, Shannon Faulkner became the first woman in 150 years to attend classes at The Citadel, a public military college in South Carolina. "This is just another case in a long series of cases over the last twenty years or so which have expanded opportunities for women and said they're entitled to an equal opportunity," Helen Neuborne of the NOW Legal Defense Fund told CNN. In fact, the *Citadel* case exposes the intellectual fault lines in the Supreme Court's approach to gender discrimination; and it could lead to two different but equally distressing outcomes. Carried to its logical conclusion, the effort to integrate The Citadel might mean the end of all single-sex education—for women as well as men, in private as well as public schools. Or else it could commit women to an affirmative action vision of gender equity that makes nonsense of Ruth Bader Ginsburg's equal treatment feminism.

The Citadel and the Virginia Military Institute are the only two public men's colleges left in the country (there are two public women's colleges as well). Though the *Citadel* case has gotten more attention recently, the effort to integrate VMI is actually further along in the courts. In October 1992 a federal appeals court ruled that "single-sex education is pedagogically justifiable" but that Virginia can't maintain a single-sex military academy for men but not for women. That prompted Mary Baldwin College, a private women's college thirty miles from VMI, to suggest an ingenious alternative. If the state will pay it $6.9 million a year—the same amount VMI receives—Mary Baldwin will set up a "separate but equal" program, training women as "citizen soldiers" and preparing them for leadership in the private sector and the military. On February 9 a Virginia district judge will hear testimony on the constitutionality of Mary Baldwin's "separate but equal" proposal.

The central constitutional question is whether the exclusion of women from VMI and The Citadel promotes harmful and archaic stereotypes about the essential nature of men and women. In one affidavit, Carol Gilligan of Harvard declares: "Institutions that glorify and encourage personally disconnected, aggressive, stoical behavior promote the capacity to receive and inflict pain." The Citadel's dedication to "masculinity," Gilligan maintains, does not produce "socially desirable personal characteristics."

VMI and The Citadel, by contrast, are emphasizing the benefits of single-sex education for men. Far from exalting traditional gender roles, they say, single-sex schools often liberate their students to defy them. "In that stressful setting, men are freer to express the gentler side of themselves," says David Riesman, the Harvard sociologist and an expert witness for VMI. "There's a journal called *Sounding Brass* that VMI students put out, and I was struck by the fact that they felt comfortable writing very contemplative poetry, of high aesthetic sensibility, because in the rest of the setting they were exhibiting their maleness, their ruggedness."

Unfortunately, VMI's supporters are not immune to the temptations of Gilliganesque generalizations. Invoking Gilligan's work, the administrators of Mary Baldwin concluded that women are unlikely to benefit from the more "adversative" features of a VMI education, such as the ominously named "rat line" and "dyke system." Rather than generalizing about how men thrive in adversity and women thrive in cooperation, VMI and The Citadel would do far better to rely on extensive evidence that the value of separate education is, simply, its separateness.

The Justice Department, however, dismisses this evidence cavalierly. It argues that a separate program for women could not possibly be equal, because VMI and The Citadel are bastions of male privilege. But in fact,

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the most striking feature of both academies is their success at educating poor black students. The Citadel has the highest retention rate for minority students of any public college in South Carolina: 52 percent of black students graduate within four years. Moreover, most of the white students come from modest backgrounds (and only 18 percent go on to military careers), which makes it all the harder to claim that VMI and The Citadel are powerful agents of the patriarchy.

Even more distressingly, the Justice Department and the ACLU suggest that single-sex education might be constitutional for women but not for men. They emphasize that the Supreme Court has "upheld state-sanctioned, sex-specific practices only when they achieve a compensatory purpose for women"; and they cite the 1980 *Hogan* case, the Court's last major pronouncement on gender discrimination, in which Sandra Day O'Connor held that a public women's nursing school in Mississippi had to admit men because women have not been traditionally discriminated against in the field of nursing.

The affirmative action argument is treacherous on several levels. As a purely historical matter, it is hard to claim that women's colleges were created to compensate women for discriminatory treatment. As Elizabeth Fox Genovese of Emory University notes, the Seven Sisters were founded in the nineteenth century as elite institutions, where women could get a more rarefied education than at the coed land-grant colleges. The affirmative action argument holds even less water today: in 1989 there were 13,000 more women than men in Virginia's public university system.

Women's colleges counter that, regardless of their historical origins, their programs today are necessary to help women overcome intangible barriers in male-dominated professions. And the argument has some force, given the evidence that graduates of women's colleges are more likely than their coed counterparts to become college professors, scientists and politicians. But the educational benefits of men's colleges are equally clear; and to allow women alone to benefit from single-sex education seems to perpetuate the stereotype that they are in constant need of special treatment and protection.

These are precisely the stereotypes Ruth Bader Ginsburg fought against as an advocate in the 1970s. But the ACLU, ironically, attempts to resurrect the handful of cases where the Court *rejected* Ginsburg's equal treatment vision. Ginsburg has also argued that affirmative action for women, unlike for blacks, is unnecessary in law schools, since women do better than men on the LSAT. (To be sure, Ginsburg has not been entirely consistent on this difficult subject: in 1971 she flirted with the possibility that women's colleges, but not men's colleges, might be constitutional because "if America were a matriarchy, we might see women's colleges as a menace and men's colleges as possibly justified by defense.") Certainly, there is nothing in the text or history of the Fourteenth or Nineteenth Amendments to support unequal treatment of women and men. The Court will have an opportunity, in the *VMI* and *Citadel* cases, to reject the special treatment strains of *Hogan* and to uphold single-sex education for men and women, whether public or private.

The Court may, however, take an equally symmetrical but less appealing position, forbidding all public support for institutions that discriminate on the basis of gender. A holding along these lines would surely mean the end of private as well as public single-sex colleges. In a worried amicus brief filed on VMI's behalf, a group of small women's colleges emphasizes that the distinction between private and public institutions is increasingly meaningless in an age when few private colleges can survive without federal financial aid and tax exemptions. And in the 1983 *Bob Jones* case, the Supreme Court held that all tax-exempt institutions must "serve a public purpose and not be contrary to established public policy." If the Court were to hold that separation by sex, like race, is inherently unequal, the federal government might well be forced to eliminate tax exemptions and scholarship support for all private single-sex schools. Wellesley College, in short, may stand or fall with The Citadel.

"At what point does the insistence that one individual not be deprived of choice spill over into depriving countless individuals of choice?" asks Fox Genovese. After almost half a decade of widespread coeducation, it is increasingly obvious that temporary separation, for some men and some women, can lead to more permanent equality. And to forbid all diversity among schools because of a bland notion of diversity within schools would be, educationally and constitutionally, perverse. •

India beats religious hatred.

UNHOLY RAO

By Lloyd I. Rudolph and Susanne Hoeber Rudolph

On December 6, 1992 youthful Hindu fundamentalists, wearing saffron headbands inscribed with Lord Rama's name and armed with pickaxes and ropes, tore down the Babri Masjid, a Muslim shrine they claimed was built on Lord Rama's birthplace. The mosque's destruction—and the tide of fundamentalism and aggressive nationalism it seemed to represent—made headlines around the world. So, too, did the lead-up to last November's mini-elections in four Hindi heartland states: Uttar Pradesh, Madhya Pradesh, Rajasthan and Himachal Pradesh. The nationalist Bharatya Janata Party (BJP), which had orchestrated the storming of the mosque, was expected to win big. Its victory would mark

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MINISTER LOUIS FARRAKHAN AND THE NATION OF ISLAM CLAIM THEY ARE MOVING TOWARD MODERATION AND INCREASED TOLERANCE.

YOU DECIDE.

Excerpts from remarks by Khalid Abdul Mohammad, Nation of Islam National Spokesman, at Kean College, NJ, 11/29/93:

Brothers and sisters – the so-called Jew, and I must say so-called Jew, because you're not the true Jew. You are Johnny-come-lately-Jew, who just crawled out of the caves and hills of Europe just a little over 4,000 years ago. You're not from the original people. You are a European strain of people who crawled around on your all fours in the caves and hills of Europe, eatin' Juniper roots and eatin' each other.

Who are the slumlords in the black community? The so-called Jew... Who is it sucking our blood in the black community? A white imposter Arab and a white imposter Jew. Right in the black community, sucking our blood on a daily and consistent basis. They sell us pork and they don't even eat it themselves. A meat case full of rotten pork meat, and the imposter Arab and the imposter white Jew, neither of them eat it themselves. A wall full of liquor keeping our people drunk and out of their head, and filled with the swill of the swine, affecting their minds. They're the blood suckers of the black nation and the black community. Professor Griff was right, when he spoke here... and when he spoke in the general vicinity of Jersey and New York, and when he spoke at Columbia Jew-niversity (sic) over in Jew (sic) York City. He was right.

The DeBeers mines, Oppenheimer, our people, our brothers and sisters in South Africa, hundreds of them lose their lives. Sometimes thousands in those mines. Miles underground, mining diamonds for white Jews. That's why you call yourself Mr. Reubenstein, Mr. Goldstein, Mr. Silverstein. Because you been stealing rubies and gold and silver all over the earth. That's why we can't even wear a ring or a bracelet or a necklace without calling it Jew-elry. We say it real quick and call it jewelry, but it's not jewelry, it's Jew-elry, 'cause you're the rogue that's stealing all over the face of the planet earth.

You see everybody always talk about Hitler exterminating 6 million Jews. That's right. But don't nobody ever ask what did they do to Hitler? What did they do to them folks? They went in there, in Germany, the way they do everywhere they go, and they supplanted, they usurped, they turned around and a German, in his own country, would almost have to go to a Jew to get money. They had undermined the very fabric of the society. Now he was an arrogant no-good devil bastard, Hitler, no question about it. He was wickedly great. Yes, he was. He used his greatness for evil and wickedness. But they are wickedly great too, brother. Everywhere they go, and they always do it and hide their head.

We don't owe the white man nothin' in South Africa. He's killed millions of our women, our children, our babies, our elders. We don't owe him nothing in South Africa. If we want to be merciful at all, when we gain enough power from God Almighty to take our freedom and independence from him, we give him 24 hours to get out of town, by sundown. That's all. If he won't get out of town by sundown, we kill everything white that ain't right (inaudible) in South Africa. We kill the women, we kill the children, we kill the babies. We kill the blind, we kill the crippled, (inaudible), we kill 'em all. We kill the faggot, we kill the lesbian, we kill them all. You say why kill the babies in South Africa? Because they gonna grow up one day to oppress our babies, so we kill the babies. Why kill the women? They, they...because they lay on their back, they are the military or the army's manufacturing center. They lay on their back and reinforcements roll out from between their legs. So we kill the women too. You'll kill the elders too? Kill the old ones too. Goddamit, if they in a wheelchair, push 'em off a cliff in Cape Town. Push 'em off a cliff in Cape Town, or Johannesburg, or (inaudible), or Port Sheppston or Darbin, how the hell you think they got old. They old oppressing black people. I said kill the blind, kill the crippled, kill the crazy. Goddamit, and when you get through killing 'em all, go to the goddam graveyard and dig up the grave and kill 'em, goddam, again. 'Cause they didn't die hard enough. They didn't die hard enough. And if you've killed 'em all and you don't have the strength to dig 'em up, then take your gun and shoot in the goddam grave. Kill 'em again. Kill 'em again, 'cause they didn't die hard enough.

We found out that the Federal Reserve ain't really owned by the Federal Government... But it ain't owned by the Federal Government. The Federal Reserve is owned by, you just touched on it a little while ago. (Jews.) It's owned by the Jews.

Brother. I don't care who sits in the seat at the White House. You can believe that the Jews control that seat that they sit in from behind the scenes. They control the finance, and not only that, they influence the policy-making.

No white Jews ever in bondage in Egypt for 400 years. You're not the chosen people of God. Stop telling that lie. Let's go a little further with this. Many of you put out the textbooks. Many of you control the libraries. Lie-braries. NBC, ABC, CBS, you don't see nothin', or makes sure we don't see. Warner Brothers, Paramount, huh? Hollywood, period.

But [they] also are most influential in newspaper, magazine, print media and electronic media.

These people have had a secret relationship with us. They have our entertainers in their hip pocket. In the palm of their hand, I should say. They have our athletes in the palm of their hand.

Many of our politicians are in the palm of the white man's hand, but in particular, in the palm of the Jewish white man's hand.

The Jews have told us, the so-called Jews have told us, ve (sic) ve, ve suffer like you. Ve, ve, ve, ve marched with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Ve, ve, ve were in Selma, Alabama. Ve, ve were in Montgomery, Alabama. Ve, ve, were on the front line of the civil rights marches. Ve have always supported you. But let's take a look at it. The Jews, the so-called Jews, what they have actually done, brothers and sisters, is used us as cannon fodder.

Go to the Vatican in Rome, when the old, no-good Pope, you know that cracker. Somebody need to raise that dress up and see what's really under there.

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India's surrender to the politics of exclusivist religious nationalism.

But when the BJP stumbled, however, word that religious extremism faltered, that voters in the world's largest democracy had given secularism a new lease on life, never reached America's front pages. Nor did the most surprising fact of the election: Hindu fundamentalism, unlike its Middle Eastern and North African Islamic counterparts, was fueled largely by the elites, not by the disadvantaged.

In the run-up to the November 1993 election, L. K. Advani, leader of the BJP, predicted victory. The *Hindutva* (Hinduness) wave that had been gathering force since 1989 would, he said, sweep the BJP back to power in the four states where its governments had been dismissed by Prime Minister Narasimha Rao's Congress government for complicity in the destruction of the Babri Masjid. Advani claimed, too, that the anticipated defeat would force the ruling Congress Party to call a midterm parliamentary election. Within the year, the BJP would rule India.

Advani's predictions were more than plausible. BJP leaders thought they had convinced the country that the party was on a roll, that a *Hindutva* wave was changing India's political culture. In the 1989 national parliamentary election, the BJP won 11 percent of the vote. Two years later it increased its share to 23 percent. Its 122 parliamentary seats out of 529 made it the principal opposition party. Moreover, its leaders believed that the destruction of the Babri Masjid had enhanced party support, and that it was the tipping point for moving the country from secular to Hindu nationalism.

The November regional election results spectacularly belied Advani's predictions. He had gambled on winning by shaping expectations, by launching a self-fulfilling prophesy that would carry along the doubters and waverers. But the *Hindutva* wave failed to materialize. Voters in three of the four states refused to endorse the destruction of the mosque and the anti-Muslim sentiments it symbolized. Congress formed governments in the small Himalayan state of Himachal Pradesh, where a disastrous BJP record led to a loss of forty seats, and in Madhya Pradesh, where it took fifty-five more seats than the Hindu nationalists. In Uttar Pradesh the victors were an anti-BJP alliance. In fact, the BJP's only success came in Rajasthan, where it barely formed a government by adding ten independents to its ninety-five (out of 200) seats in the state's assembly.

By any measure, the outcome was a far cry from Advani's exaggerated forecasts. The most important test came in Uttar Pradesh, where the anti-BJP alliance prevailed. With 130 million inhabitants, U.P. is India's most populous state. It is also the site of the destroyed Babri Masjid. The BJP expected to do well there. Kalyan Singh, chief minister when the mosque was demolished, confidently predicted at least 300 seats in a legislature of 425. The election, he said, would prove that the people supported its demolition. In the end the BJP won only 177 seats, a loss of forty-four. The alliance partners, Mulayam Singh Yadav, leader of the Socialist Party, and Kanshi Ram, leader of the Bahujan Samaj Party, formed a government headed by Mulayam Singh.

The election in U.P. revealed that there was more than one cleavage and more than one political discourse at play. Caste and class politics proved decisive. Mulayam Singh Yadav spoke for the "backward classes" (read: lower castes); Kanshi Ram, for the Dalits (ex-untouchables). But the two leaders overcame historic tensions between lower castes and ex-untouchables to forge their anti-upper-caste and class alliance. The appeal to caste and class solidarities proved more decisive in the U.P. result than the appeal to a Hindu identity. Both men worked to make Muslims part of their "have-nots" constituency. U.P.'s 21 million Muslims trusted both men. As U.P. chief minister in 1989, Singh thwarted an earlier BJP attempt to attack the Babri Masjid. Ram, as a union leader, fought for Muslim job rights. Singh counts the late Ram Manohar Lohia, the fiery Gandhian Socialist, as his political guru. Ram sees the late Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, the ex-untouchable Columbia University-educated author of India's constitution, as his. Both oppose "upper-caste communalism." Together, U.P.'s lower castes, untouchables and Muslims constitute about 65 percent of the state's population. Most voted against the BJP's call to consolidate and empower Hindu nationalism. This alliance is not unique to U.P. In neighboring Bihar, India's second most populous state, a similar teaming has held power since 1990, under the leadership of another "backward class" chief minister, Laloo Prasad Yadav.

The doctrine of "ancient hatreds" holds that Hindu/Muslim enmity is natural. But ancient hatreds are made by human agents, and are more often modern. In this light, the alliance between lower-caste Hindus and Muslims is as "natural" as the BJP's effort to mobilize Hindus against Muslims. Both efforts express choices by political leaders. Other choices are possible. In Gujarat state, ex-untouchables in 1975 joined upper-caste Hindus in riots against Muslims. In Bihar, before Laloo Prasad Yadav became chief minister, Yadavs and other lower castes engaged in what amounted to a civil war with ex-untouchable castes. Yadav has forged alliances between them. In post-*Hindutva* U.P. and Bihar, politicians have pursued a politics of religious inclusion.

Factors other than caste and class contributed to the defeat of BJP-Hindu nationalism in the 1993 election. The BJP had an image problem. On the one hand it presented itself as a militant, even revolutionary party bent on transforming India's political culture. On the other, it portrayed itself as India's future governing party, responsible, sober, law-abiding. The Jekyll and Hyde persona of Advani, parliamentary statesman one day, defender of Hindu militancy the next, only reinforced the problem. In destroying the Babri Masjid and in the riots that followed, the party's minions had broken the law, destroyed property and taken lives. Moderate Hindus, it seems, weren't willing to trade dis-

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order and instability for *Hindutva*. Clearly, the revolutionary thrust of the BJP's appeal deepened rather than broadened its electoral support.

Even more important, the election showed that Hindu fundamentalism was more an elite than a popular phenomenon. As the election was structured in U.P., it appealed more to upper castes and the prosperous middle classes than it did to lower castes and the ambitious working poor. The elite appeal of Hindu fundamentalism stands in marked contrast to the popular appeal of Islamic fundamentalism in Middle Eastern and North African countries such as Iran, Egypt and Algeria. Islamic fundamentalism, like the burgeoning evangelical protestantism in Latin America, has provided a voice and a vehicle for the victims of modernization and development. India's politics of Hindu exclusivity and religious nationalism, by contrast, is led and supported by the beneficiaries of these trends. The country's upper castes and middle classes, including many professionals, fear the changes that more equality and social justice would bring. The results of the 1993 election indicate that the elite politics of the BJP failed to persuade, co-opt or coerce those below into believing that the jobs, citizenship and esteem they seek can be gained by joining the *Hindutva* crusade.

In country after country, religious fundamentalism and aggressive nationalism are moving from the periphery to the political center. India, for now, is an exception to the rule. When its voters chose equality and secularism, the politics of modern hate were exposed for what they are: man-made and far from ancient.

LLOYD I. RUDOLPH and SUSANNE HOEBER RUDOLPH, professors of political science at the University of Chicago, are authors of *In Pursuit of Lakshmi: The Political Economy of the Indian State* (University of Chicago Press).

Republicans and health care.

THE WIMP-OUT

By Ruth Shalit

On December 3, William Kristol of the Project for the Republican Future issued a five-page strategy memo urging Republicans to band together to block the passage of comprehensive health care reform. Republicans, Kristol argued, had failed to realize the tactical risks involved in advocating sweeping change. "It would be a pity if the advancement of otherwise worthy Republican proposals gave unintended support to the Democrats' sky-is-falling rationale," he wrote. "Any urge to gain momentary public credit for helping the president 'do something' about health care should be resisted." To allay public concern over health security, he continued, Republican lawmakers need only offer a few micro-reforms, then "remind the nation, point by point, that it currently enjoys the finest, most comprehensive and most generous system of medical care in world history."

At the time, even conservative Republicans normally allied with Kristol denounced him for his partisan ill will. On December 16 Senate Minority Leader Bob Dole scoffed, telling reporters: "That may be the scorched earth policy.... Mr. Kristol hasn't run for anything yet, that I'm aware of." (Previously, Dole had gone even further: "Our response to the health care crisis cannot be, 'Take two aspirin and call us in four years.' ") Vin Weber, president of the conservative advocacy group Empower America, distanced himself from his good friend's plans: "Clinton will pass his bill if we don't get behind a consensus solution." House Minority Whip Newt Gingrich called the advice "nuts," adding, "anybody who says the current system works and doesn't need to be changed is crazy."

Well, that was December. Since then, like a flock of bewildered penguins, Republicans have waddled en masse to Kristol's position. The line is now monolithic and simple: there is no health care crisis; no coverage problems; no cost increase spiral; no need to do anything drastic at all. "Members had a reality check during recess," is how Dole now puts it. "Unless they were in an isolation booth, they heard a lot of questions about health care reform. People dumping on it, concerned about their business or practice, blah, blah, blah. Who knows, maybe Kristol's right." Says Weber, "We're now recognizing that we made a high-level strategic mistake as a party by buying into the Clinton thesis of crisis." Only a week after publicly deploring the Kristol strategy, Gingrich called Kristol to inquire about co-sponsoring a conference on health care reform. Would he call the do-nothing approach "nuts" today? "I don't think so," says a Gingrich aide.

Even moderate Republicans are caving. Senator Nancy Kassebaum, a longtime supporter of health care reform, was recently an enthusiast for universal coverage. But after a recent meeting with Kristol, her position evolved. "There are a lot of folks who'd like her to say, 'Of course we can do it,' " says one Republican Hill staffer. "But the political debate is maturing. There's a weariness and a wariness out there. She is increasingly of the mind that it's going to be difficult to achieve comprehensive reform." Then there's Senator Phil Gramm. He recently touted a large-scale reform, describing it on December 17 as "revolutionary." But after a two-hour meeting with Kristol on January 22, he decided the revolution could wait. Now he's for a grab bag of small measures such as malpractice reform and giving states more flexibility on Medicaid. "They're more repairs than reforms," says a Gramm staffer. "It's mini-Gramm, which will really be Kristol, frankly. But he wants to call it Gramm." Says the senator: "When you look at what Bill Kristol has to say, you're basically talking about my plan."

continued on page 22

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Cassandra's law

"No Exit," the critique of Clinton's health reform plan by Elizabeth McCaughey that appeared last week in these pages, borrows its title from Sartre's play *Huis Clos*. Sartre's drama is almost as grim as McCaughey's vision of the plan. Happily, both are largely fictional accounts, although one might argue that Sartre's brilliantly imagined fiction is in many ways truer to life than McCaughey's horror story is to the world of "Clintonized" medical practice.

Virtually none of her stark claims about the bill is indisputably correct. There is, of course, a grain of truth in the worry that the provisions of the Clinton bill would complicate the lives of patients, professionals and payers. (We count ourselves among those worried by the bill's complexity and workability.) But that grain is obscured by McCaughey's hyperbole. In the spirit of restrained deconstructionism, just reconsider her more outlandish assertions.

McCaughey claims the law will prevent you from going outside the system to buy basic health coverage you prefer, even after you pay the mandatory premium. But the bill explicitly permits citizens to choose physicians and to pay extra for such coverage if they so desire. McCaughey's language illustrates an extremely casual use of the rhetoric of legal compulsion when the reality is a more complex one of relative prices and their impact on the kind of insurance plan Americans might choose were the Clinton bill to be enacted.

Or again, McCaughey assumes patients will be forced to enter HMOs. But neither physicians nor patients could possibly be forced into HMOs by a bill that requires each alliance to offer at least one fee-for-service plan. This fact is indisputable from a simple reading of the pages McCaughey cites. The role of HMOs in the Clinton plan is, of course, open to a number of interpretations, none of which is settled by the language of the bill itself. But what McCaughey presents is a crude anti-HMO tract, offering anecdotes as evidence that HMO economics regularly produces medical nightmares.

In fact, of course, the quality of care in American medicine varies enormously both for HMO and fee-for-service medicine. The better HMOs offer service that's at least the match of good fee-for-service practice. The worst HMOs rival the worst traditional care. It's true the Clinton bill rewards less expensive HMOs, but its impact on the quality of American medical care is unlikely to have the draconian effects McCaughey predicts. Interestingly, most insured Americans (some 70 percent) are already in one or another form of managed care and the effect of that dispersion has been to weaken the controls that managed care has managed. So, for instance, staff-model HMOs represent a small proportion of managed care and the direction of development has been to make most HMO-style bodies more like fee-for-service medical care than the much touted model of Kaiser Permanente. Moreover, the growth of utilization review is neither restricted to HMOs nor more intrusive in such settings. Utilization review does hassle American patients and physicians, but is completely independent of the HMO form of practice, whether Clinton-supported or not.

McCaughey describes the Clinton plan as a rigid set of restrictions on the doctors Americans can consult, the scope of insurance they can purchase and the services they can receive. She builds up her specter with a continuing set of inaccuracies. Is it technically correct that the Clinton bill would force one to "settle for one of the low-budget plans selected by the government?" Well, no. In fact, the bill specifically states that "nothing in this Act shall be construed as prohibiting . . . an individual from purchasing any health care services" (pages 15, 16). It is true the Clinton reform would highlight which plans are more expensive than others. In that sense, it provides incentives to choose lower-cost plans. But a good deal of the bill's complexity is designed to countervail the dangers of selective enrollment, reductions of benefits and the like that such economies entail.

Likewise, McCaughey distorts the impact the Clinton bill would have on American choices of specialist care. Seeing a specialist for needed care will be, for most people, no more difficult than it is today, and for many it will be easier. For those without insurance, the expansion of choice is obvious. Moreover, since more and more employers are dropping so-called indemnity plans (with completely free choice of physician), the Clinton plan's requirement of fee-for-service options can be legitimately interpreted as supporting wider choice than many now have. To be sure, other reforms could widen that choice, but the McCaughey appeal to a world of unlimited medical choice is surely anachronistic and misleading.

If anything, the "necessary and appropriate" care provision in the bill delegates authority to the medical profession, rather than interposing further government bureaucracy between patient and physician. For most Americans today, it is the insurance company, not the doctor, that has final authority over what is necessary, appropriate and reimbursable. They invoke utilization review, deny payment if they think your doctor charged too much or determine that a treatment was "experimental." The world McCaughey invokes—in which patients go to doctors, have anything they want and the insurance company pays it all without question—vanished years ago.

Other aspects of "No Exit" merely secure McCaughey's place as the Cassandra of Clinton plan critics. In Cassandra's world, all attempts at cost control have wholly perverse effects; they deny or delay needed care; stifle drug development; drive physicians into hallway diagnoses to outwit wicked utilization reviewers; and so on. Even more oddly, global budgetary controls in this horrid world merely increase intrusive micromanagement by audacious fools in accounting departments. In every real-world case of overall budgetary control, of course, just the opposite has been the case.

By now the plot of this dark comedy should be all too clear. McCaughey's dystopia of what the Clinton plan will mean is profoundly linked to her imagined utopia of what health care in this country now is. Most Americans know better. They know that costs are rising too fast; that choices are already being limited; that too many people go without care at all. When Cassandra whispers some dreaded "what if?" in their ears, they will surely listen to the replies of those who are prepared to consider, "as compared to what?"

THEODORE R. MARMOR
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The Kristol strategy is a risky one. Republicans need to find a plan meager enough to please Kristol, but activist enough to pick off Democrats supporting comprehensive reform: not a very easy task. Representative Jim Cooper says Republican spoilers "underestimate the momentum" of bipartisan reform bills such as his own. "We've got fifty-seven co-sponsors," he says. "If the White House gave the okay for more Democratic co-sponsors, we could be at the 150, 200 level. There's never been so much agreement on health care reform in our lifetime. With this negative and destructive approach, they're going to end up leaving themselves out of the debate."

"You're talking about a very small number of extremely conservative senators here," concurs Senator John Chafee, chief sponsor of the most comprehensive of the Republican health care bills. "I predict we will have major health reform this year. My bill has some twenty co-sponsors. Senator Dole is a major co-sponsor." When I point out that Dole has now declared that there is no health care crisis, Chafee counters: "You never know quite what the context is.... You're not going to get me into a back-and-forth with Senator Dole. I would say we've got a very serious problem. Let's get on with solving it. If we want to be players, we'd better participate. The train's going to leave the station."

Says Senator Don Nickles, another sponsor of big-ticket reform: "Bill Kristol's a good friend of mine. But I do disagree with his conclusions." Still, whereas he once bemoaned a systemic crisis, Nickles now defends his grand plan on the grounds that it will help expose fatal flaws in the Clinton bill. "I think Bill Kristol will agree," the three-term senator ventures hopefully, "that our proposal and maybe even some of the others are in fact quite useful, because they help show the fallacies and shortcomings of the president's proposal."

But the biggest risk in the Kristol strategy is that it could wreak havoc in the conservative coalition. In particular, the dozens of Republican-style health care reforms concocted by conservative think tanks are in danger of being left high and dry. The Heritage Foundation's 200-page bill, part of which forms the basis for the Nickles legislation, was four years and thirty-five drafts in the making. Modeled after the federal employees' health benefits package, it would spend billions to subsidize the uninsured. It's a radical piece of legislation, based on the premise that the health care system is, in the words of Heritage Vice President Stuart Butler, "completely skewed, completely messed up." Butler is bitter about Kristol's efforts to discount his handiwork. "His view is that if you debate this and suggest something, it's the road to ruin," Butler says. "That if conservatives can somehow just block everything, health care as a major political issue—a major political issue dominated by the left—will somehow go away. Essentially, it's another incarnation of the Bush strategy. What's ironic is that it's now the most conservative people who are playing this line of argument."

"Accusing me of Bushism is a low blow," responds Kristol. "What we've tried to do is lay out a strategy that's principled, but also winning." Besides, he adds, "I think Stuart is coming around. He understands the Heritage plan isn't going to pass this year." But Butler has a different view. "We have a serious piece of legislation on the Hill, sponsored by serious players," he fumes. "And this does not help us. It certainly does not help us. Here we are, you know, clearly heavily influencing the debate. And to then be told in a memo that we might as well give up because nothing's changing out there—I mean, where are these people? Certainly not out on the trail."

The Cato Institute is another think tank clobbered by the new do-nothing line. "Kristol is absolutely wrong to say there aren't serious structural problems with the health care system," says Mike Tanner, Cato's director of health and welfare studies. Cato's plan, a far-flung libertarian crusade to replace health insurance with "medisave accounts," would have, vows Tanner, "a radical impact on our health care system." The Cato plan was also four years in the making. Though Kristol discounts its political viability—"please"—John Goodman of the pro-Cato National Center for Policy Analysis (NCPA) insists, "It's the most popular reform proposal in Congress right now. There are some sixteen bills that contain versions of the medical savings account idea."

Why haven't the think tanks been more of a force in opposing Kristol? Part of the reason is that far from joining forces in favor of massive free-market reform, the two think tanks snipe at each other continuously. In his May/June president's message to contributors, Cato President Edward H. Crane lamented that "our friends at The Heritage Foundation have endorsed a mandated, compulsory, universal 'national health plan' which flies in the face of the American heritage of individual liberty and individual responsibility." Butler responded with an angry three-page letter deploring Crane's gibe as "just the latest in a series of pot-shots.... Attacking Heritage for its alleged political incorrectness seems to have become a cottage industry at Cato and at NCPA." The squabbling continued at Cato's recent tenth anniversary dinner. Introducing the honored guests, Crane pointed to Stuart Butler and said, "At first Stuart didn't want to come. So we decided to *mandate* that he appear." Recalls one attendee, "People didn't think it was funny. There was complete silence. Stuart was aghast. Everyone was embarrassed." When a Heritage staffer last month wrote a paper for the conservative lobbying group Citizens for a Sound Economy that included criticism of the individual mandate, "he couldn't put his name on it," says a CSE staffer. "He knew it would destroy him at Heritage." Of the dispute, Butler will say only: "The Cato plan isn't a threat. Merely an irritation. Those who criticize us are not players."

Meanwhile, Republicans like Bob Dole are tiring of the factional warfare. "We've got to figure some way to come together, or we'll be out of the ball game," he says. "Nobody has enough votes to pass anything. Plan Z is coming up somewhere." He should know. On January 22, the Senate minority leader abandoned Chafee for mini-Gramm. •

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Why Zhirinovsky can win.

NUT 'N' HONEY

By Michael McFaul

Since Russia's recent elections, conventional wisdom coming from the State Department and the Washington press tells us that the Zhirinovsky threat is not as great as it first seemed. First, we are told that the vote for Vladimir Zhirinovsky was just a protest vote, that his party won only 24 percent of the vote, that Russians do not really support Zhirinovsky's fascist ideas. Second, we're told his victory is rendered even less significant by the adoption of the new Russian Constitution, which gives Boris Yeltsin presidential power to ignore Zhirinovsky's trouble-making parliamentarians. Our greatest consolation, however, is to come from Zhirinovsky himself: allegedly a kook, a clown, someone who does not even fully believe what he says. The day after the election, the American press hopefully reported, Zhirinovsky had already begun to moderate his positions.

Unfortunately, all these hopeful assumptions are flawed. They spring from wishful, not critical, thinking. We deploy high liberal hopes against the hard reality of Russia's volatile and precarious political situation, filtering in only the truth that we want to hear. If last week's reformer purge in Moscow suggests anything, it's that liberal hopes no longer work in analyzing Russia.

First, the "protest vote." Russian voters do not like Zhirinovsky, the argument goes, they just want a change. Most Russians do not really want to take back Alaska; Russians soldiers do not really want to dip their boots in the Indian Ocean; and Russians really do not want summary executions of criminals. Really? If voters do not support these aspects of Zhirinovsky's platform, why did they not cast their protest votes with the other eleven opposition parties on the ballot? Besides, the factors that propelled Zhirinovsky's protest victory last December are likely to intensify by 1996. With higher government spending on inefficient industries and hyperinflation now likely, the economy will further tilt Russian politics in favor of extremism. In two years, the incumbent democrats will have to rely solely on astute political campaigning to beat Zhirinovsky, a quality they have so far signally lacked. Zhirinovsky, on the other hand, has twice run an effective campaign, first in 1991 and again in 1993. His television ads, a forum that will become even more important in future campaigns, were brilliant. Separate commercials were broadcast to appeal to every interest group from women to soldiers. His campaign message was simple and clear. The democrats, on the other hand, failed miserably. They ran as several, mutually hostile blocs, and their ads were excruciatingly long treatises on macroeconomic stabilization rather than targeted responses to voter concerns. They promised more hardship, not less, if they stayed in power. They've shown no sign of changing since the last election.

Second, the lack of a platform. This assumption is simply uninformed. Zhirinovsky's agenda was clear, if polemical, during the December campaign: he wants to make Russia great again. While Russia's Choice told people to prepare for more sacrifice, Zhirinovsky retorted that Russians had suffered enough, first under seventy years of communism and then under two years of "shock therapy" imposed by the "imperialism" of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. Zhirinovsky promises to crack down on corruption, crime and Western speculators. He has unabashedly vowed to use the Russian army—in his opinion, one of Russia's greatest resources—to enrich the country, be it against Azeris in Russia's farmer markets, Jews in Moscow's banks, Ukrainians in Ukraine (a country Zhirinovsky does not recognize) or Americans in Alaska. The West, Zhirinovsky has argued, will pay Russia not to use its nuclear weapons against Europe. Russia's neighbors, likewise, will pay Moscow not to redraw borders. And don't forget the radioactive waste on the Baltic border. It will cost the Balts to keep the fans off.

Foreign policy is Zhirinovsky's forte. Though denied the chair of the International Affairs Committee (it went to former American Ambassador Vladimir Lukin), the Duma created a special Geopolitical Relations Committee for him to run. This committee post is a sure winner. In the current political climate, all parties and blocs, including Russia's Choice, have grown increasingly nationalistic. Tired of preachy Americans and whiny neighbors, and exhausted by political dismemberment and economic reform, Russians want enemies. Zhirinovsky will provide them.

Zhirinovsky is less precise about his economic plans. He is neither a communist, wanting to re-create the past, nor a free marketeer. Sounding much like fascists of the past, his economic ideas amount to a market economy managed and protected by the state. Above all, he is a vehement nationalist who has said repeatedly that Russia's resources, property and markets should be available to Russians only. Western firms will not be welcome under a Zhirinovsky regime.

Third, the constitution. This source for solace is obviously only a temporary one. With Yeltsin at the helm, this strong presidential system can serve the interests of reform. With Zhirinovsky in power, the same constitution can help consolidate a fascist dictatorship. We also must not forget what Zhirinovsky gains from his new position in parliament. Because he participated in the elections but did not win a majority of seats in either house, we naively presume that Zhirinovsky and the Liberal Democratic Party will play the role of minority

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Pantie-hero

Vladimir Zhirinovsky's 140-page autobiography-cum-manifesto, *The Last Surge South*, was published a couple of months before his surprisingly strong showing in the December elections. As yet untranslated, it is essential reading for anyone interested in the future of Russia. The text swings from intimate, bitter and self-pitying revelations about his miserable childhood and adolescence to stream of consciousness racism and gleeful predictions of the disintegration of the United States.

Zhirinovsky's description of his childhood is grim. "I grew up in an atmosphere without warmth—either from relatives, friends or teachers. I was always superfluous, got in everyone's way, was the object of criticism." He was brought up in a single room of a communal apartment in Alma-Ata, the capital of Kazakhstan. His mother worked in a cafeteria; his father, he says tersely, was killed in a car accident. (After stonewalling, Zhirinovsky admitted recently that his father was Jewish.) He was perpetually hungry as a child, he says, and his mother seemed keen to see as little of him as possible. His life was made worse by a loutish 23-year-old technical student who became his 38-year-old mother's live-in lover when he was 4. No one celebrated his birthday until he was 12, he claims. And, in one of the sinister notes that regularly slide into his story, he says all his clothes as a child came from the flea market—either cast-offs, or the belongings of dead children.

When he was 2 or 3, Zhirinovsky recounts, he was sent to live-in child care. Each night the personnel would wake up the children at 11 p.m. and line them up naked, boys and girls in the same room, to urinate in buckets. It was perhaps at this time, he says, that he felt his first sexual stirrings. But, he admits, he has never had a true love or even a real friend. Indeed, he adds with casual bitterness, he has never even really felt any passion for his wife or his son. He may have been sexually "burned out" at an early age, he adds.

Zhirinovsky is oddly reticent about his career. Much of his professional life—for example his time as a trainee in the foreign broadcast section of state radio and in the State Committee for Foreign Economic Relations—was spent in jobs that would almost certainly have required KGB vetting and monitoring. He notes proudly that he did his military service as a political officer in the Trans-Caucasus Military District—a role of great sensitivity in the Soviet army. Then he claims, with total implausibility, that he was never a member of the Communist Party.

In a striking echo of the writings of Hitler, Zhirinovsky claims that his deprivation and isolation forced him to concentrate on the one overriding idea of his political philosophy: the "last surge south," the expansion of Russia, by force of arms, back across the newly independent republics of the former USSR, through Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan to the shores of the Indian Ocean. This will be "the final division of the world," to be carried out by a newly revived Russian army "in a state of shock therapy—suddenly, quickly, effectively."

In Zhirinovsky's imagination the surge south will result in a slightly updated version of a nineteenth-century imperial fantasy—peace, progress and Christianity will be brought to the warring lands of the south. Larger tribes will no longer oppress or annihilate smaller ones, and "the sound of Russian Orthodox church bells along the shores of the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean [will] proclaim peace and brotherhood to the people of the region," he writes.

Though the vast majority of his fantasy state would be Muslim, Christianity, particularly in its Orthodox version, will occupy the dominant position—"we cannot permit alien religions to destroy the minds of the young generation of Russians," he explains. Of course some people in Tehran, Istanbul and Kabul might not like the new order. But there will be no rivalry among the great powers because all will have undertaken the same vertical division of the world—the United States will take Latin America; China and Japan will share the rest of Asia; Europe will hold sway over Africa.

Anyway, he predicts, America's days are numbered. Sometime in the next century the population of the United States "will perish," swamped by blacks and Hispanics, and the United States will go the way of the USSR. "We will not gloat," he writes with patent insincerity, "when California joins Mexico, when a Negro republic is created in Miami and when the Russians take back Alaska," or when America dissolves into a "Commonwealth of New States."

It is at about this point in the book that Zhirinovsky really flips. He launches into his plan to carve up Eastern Europe. He says the new Russian state will help France rid itself of "American and Zionist influence." And he reserves special venom for the peoples from the southern fringe of the former Soviet Union. "Like cockroaches," he says, southerners "have already spread beyond the Urals.... All our problems come from the south." He spends five pages—longer than his treatment of economic policy—on a tirade against all things Turkish. "Nothing would happen to the world even if the whole Turkish nation perished," he says, adding, "I do not wish this on them."

Zhirinovsky denounces Stalin's violence—and the fact that he favored the Georgians, whom Zhirinovsky abhors—but, he points out, in Stalin's time "we were a closed country. In some ways that was not a bad thing. For example in the way we were almost completely spared venereal disease." Morals were simply better then, he says. All the girls in his class at school were virgins.

Though he approves of virginity now, he was less fanatical about it at the time. He describes his first unsuccessful attempt, at 17 or 18, to persuade a girl to have sex with him. He made a fatal error, he says in his inimitable way: "I asked her to take off her panties. But what girl would take off her own panties first?" Zhirinovsky says he knows now that this is the sort of thing you should do for your partner.

The twenty-first century will be "our century," he predicts. "We are washing away these scabs, this dirt that has accumulated over the whole twentieth century. Sometimes this causes blood. This is bad." But blood, he adds in a final, gruesome flourish, may be necessary "in order finally to wash away this contagion that was introduced into the center of Russia from the West to poison the country and undermine it from within—through communism, nationalism, cosmopolitanism, through the influence of alien religions, alien ideas, an alien way of life. We will put an end to this."

PAUL QUINN-JUDGE

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parties in other parliamentary democracies: irritating but manageable. But Zhirinovsky cares very little about "playing" democratic politics in this Duma or any other. On the contrary, his only reason for participating in the December elections was to build momentum for his presidential bid in 1996. Winning parliamentary votes is thus not an end for Zhirinovsky but only a means to keep attention focused on himself. Indeed, his aspirations might be better served by losing key votes, especially those regarding economic reform. Because few expect the economy to make noticeable improvements during the next two years, Zhirinovsky wants distance from, not responsibility for, all economic matters.

Fourth, the self-destruction thesis. The same argument was made after Zhirinovsky's first electoral splash in June 1991, when he won 6 million votes and placed third in the Russian presidential election, behind only Yeltsin and former Soviet Prime Minister Nikolai Ryzhkov. Most analysts at the time dismissed Zhirinovsky's success as a fluke, buoyed only by KGB financing and Soviet Communist Party organizational assistance. (The LDP program and Zhirinovsky's campaign posters were printed by the same press that did Soviet Communist Party materials, while a couple of researchers at the Communist Party's Institute for Social Sciences later admitted they had written the lion's share of Zhirinovsky's political documents.) But Zhirinovsky's small but disciplined party survived communism's fall. Zhirinovsky claims that eight wealthy Russian businessmen bankroll him; others cite Austrian Nazis, Saddam Hussein and renegades in the former KGB and Soviet Red Army. Over the last three years, good party organization and financial solidity have refuted the self-destruction prophesy.

Even if Zhirinovsky himself does self-destruct, what about all the other fascist leaders, ultranationalist generals and neo-Nazi parties proliferating in Russia today? Some, such as Nikolai Lysenko's National Republican Party, already have begun training paramilitary units that make Zhirinovsky's "Falcons" (the LDP's equivalent of Nazi brownshirts) look like Boy Scouts. Others, such as former KGB General Alexander Sterligov, have become disturbingly invisible over the last year. One wonders when and under what pretenses Sterligov and his militant followers in the Russian National Assembly (*Rossiiskii Natsional'nii Sobor*) will re-emerge on Russia's political scene. Then there are the so-called mainstream nationalists such as Sergei Baburin, the former National Salvation Front leader just re-elected to the parliament, or Yurii Vlasov, the former Olympic champion weight lifter who was almost elected speaker of the Duma during its opening sessions. Both are charismatic, ambitious and militantly nationalist, but lack Zhirinovsky's outrageous rhetoric or quirky antics, making them more dangerous in the long run than the present menace.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Finally, the "Zhirinovsky-is-all-hot-air" refrain. I have followed Zhirinovsky's career very closely since first interviewing him in May 1991. I have sipped tea with him at his home, interviewed him in the sauna, observed him in action at his party congresses, listened to his oratory on the streets of Moscow and witnessed his 1991 and 1993 campaigns. In no encounter was I left with the impression that Zhirinovsky was only telling lies to win popular favor, even when he had interest in muting his rhetoric for a Western audience. On the contrary, his sincerity was frightening and disgusting. He is calculating and rational, with a proclivity for sudden, emotional outbursts of rage. This combination keeps his enemies guessing and his followers on edge. It's a quality that makes him a formidable and enduring political player in Moscow, however much Western optimists want him to go away.

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And Clinton's (failing) attempt to stop them.

WHY YOUR WAGES KEEP FALLING

By John B. Judis

"For twenty years the wages of working people have been stagnant or declining.... For too many families, even when both parents were working, the American dream has been slipping away. In 1992 the American people demanded that we change," Bill Clinton declared in his State of the Union address. But in the year he has been in office, Clinton has not succeeded any better than his predecessors in meeting that demand. Last year, Americans' hourly wages didn't grow at all. And the wages of workers in mining, construction, transportation, public utilities, retail, business and health services fell as much as 2 percent. Even college-educated workers—thought to be immune from economic distress—saw their wages drop almost 1 percent. And these are the lucky ones. The rest have had to make do with temporary jobs or have simply been laid off.

As Clinton acknowledged, these figures are about more than just dollars and cents. They are about the sustaining myth of American life. In the twentieth century, the promise of America—once religious salvation—became an ever rising standard of living. Until the 1970s that promise was fulfilled. But since then, Americans' real wages have been falling at an increasing rate—1.6 percent from 1973 to 1978 and 9.6 percent from 1979 to 1993. So far the reaction has been a low rumble, muted by two-earner families and overtime hours. But if wages continue to decline, that rumble could turn into a deafening roar.

There are plenty of causes: government policies, new technologies and automation, more women in the work force. But the most important, and an often overlooked one, is the change that occurred in the relationship between business and labor after the loss of American industrial supremacy. The unfashionable truth is that the decline of American wages has been largely a result of the decline of American labor unions.

From World War II through the early '70s, American business and labor leaders enjoyed an amicable relationship. They worked together against Soviet communism and for free trade, civil rights and increases in Social Security and the minimum wage. While they sometimes exchanged harsh words at the bargaining table, they reached agreements that, between 1948 and 1973, doubled the real wages and benefits of American workers. The relationship was sustained by U.S. firms' domination of the world market. American steel and auto companies could always offset wage increases with price increases without undermining their profits or market share.

During these years, American workers in the private sector occupied three tiers. On the first tier were workers from largely unionized industries in manufacturing, transportation, mining and construction. These workers enjoyed a 10 percent to 30 percent wage and benefit premium over their nonunion counterparts, who comprised the second tier. The third tier was made up of primarily nonunion service and small-business workers. Wages in this tier, subject to supply and demand and the minimum wage, ran as little as one-third of those in the first tier. Despite the hierarchy, however, workers in the second and third tiers benefited from the wage gains and clout of first-tier unionized workers. Employers of nonunionized workers in industries dominated by unions often paid comparable salaries in order to discourage unionization. And third-tier workers benefited not only from increases in the minimum wage won by unions, but also from the looming threat of unionization.

By the early '70s, American business lost the industrial superiority that had supported this edifice. In 1971 the United States, competing with revived European and Japanese manufacturers, ran its first trade deficit since 1893. And as more countries modernized, American firms in key industries such as steel, automobiles, shipbuilding and textiles faced a global glut of production. Business became a tougher game in which even minor price increases could lead to huge losses in market share and profits. It was under this pressure that American firms began to re-examine their relationship with labor and their commitment to the prevailing wage structure.

During the 1970s corporations started to resist wage increases and fight labor unions in the political arena. In 1972 corporate CEOs formed their own lobbying organization, the Business Roundtable. During the Carter years, the Roundtable's lobbyists succeeded in watering down the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Bill and in blocking labor law reform that would have amended the National Labor Relations Act to increase the penalties on employers that used intimidation to discourage workers from joining a union. In the 1980s, under Ronald Reagan, business went even further, defeating attempts to adjust the minimum wage to inflation and securing the nomination of anti-labor candidates to the National Labor Relations Board and other government panels.

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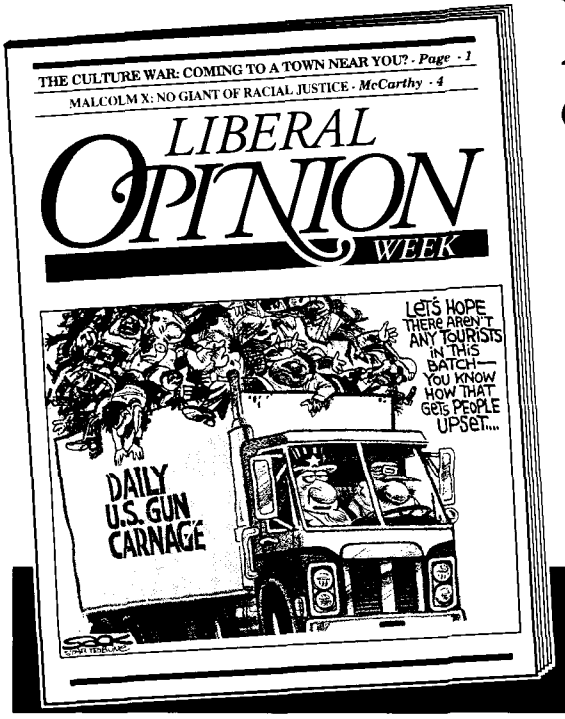
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During the Reagan years, businesses also began to demand and get "givebacks" from unions. Corporations won unprecedented concessions in meat-packing, tires, steel, motor vehicles, trucking and air transportation. Companies that didn't have unions used long neglected loopholes in labor law to thwart unionization; other unionized companies such as Phelps Dodge and Eastern Airlines, inspired by Reagan's ouster of the PATCO strikers, sought to remove their unions.

Under relentless attack from business and facing a hostile administration in Washington, unions lost ground, declining from 31 percent of the nonagricultural work force in 1970 to 26 percent in 1979 to 13 percent today. The effect of this on wages can be calculated by multiplying the loss in the wage premium by the number of workers who might otherwise have been represented by unions. On this basis, Lawrence Mishel and Jared Bernstein of the Economic Policy Institute, the authors of *The State of Working America*, estimate that the collapse of unionism cost blue-collar workers 3.6 percent in real wages from 1978 to 1988.

At a deeper level, business' successful offensive against unions changed the wage structure of the American economy. Instead of unionized workers setting the pace in wages, they became a lagging indicator of the real state of the wage economy. The first tier began to shrink and collapse into the second tier. Workers in the heavily unionized steel industry, for example, saw their wages fall from $20.37 per hour in 1981 to $17.91 per hour in 1987 to $16.87 per hour in 1992 (all these figures are in 1992 dollars). Workers in the second tier began to see their wages driven down to the level of nonunionized laborers and service workers. The wages of partially unionized meat-packing workers went from $13.98 per hour in 1981 to $10.39 per hour in 1987 to $9.15 per hour in 1992. Meanwhile, workers in the third tier, deprived of even the modest protections of the minimum wage, found themselves edging toward subsistence levels. Workers in restaurants and bars—one of the fastest-growing groups in the 1980s—saw their wages fall from $6.14 per hour in 1981 to $5.46 per hour in 1987 to $5.29 per hour in 1992.

This collapse of the partnership between business and labor and the resulting decline of unionism helps explain why real wages fell so sharply in the United States but were resilient in Western Europe and Japan. European and Japanese firms also faced stiff competition and global overcapacity in the 1970s and 1980s. But in Western Europe, because of the strength of their unions and their countries' social democratic parties, and in Japan, because of the commitment to a harmonious relationship between labor and business, firms sought other means to protect their profits, from trade protection to limits on immigrant workers to on-the-job productivity. When these measures failed, they even accepted lower profit rates. In the United States, however, business sought to defend its profits primarily by holding down wages: often by eliminating unions or preventing them from organizing.

In this climate, other shifts took place to weaken wages still further. To cut costs, businesses began to move manufacturing facilities overseas. In 1987 automakers spent $28 billion on parts manufactured overseas, up from $8 billion ten years before. The Big Three went from importing 500,000 engines in 1983 to 1.92 million in 1987. Companies also replaced workers with technology. From 1979 to 1992, thanks to automation, manufacturing output rose 13.1 percent, while the work force declined by 15 percent. Both trends eliminated many of the higher-wage first-tier jobs and plunged these workers into competition for lower-wage second-tier and third-tier jobs. In 1979, 38 percent of 25- to 34-year-old male high school graduates were employed in better-paying manufacturing jobs; by 1987 only 29 percent were, while those employed in the low-paying wholesale and retail trade sector rose from 18 percent to 23 percent. And union attempts to organize these service workers proved largely unsuccessful.

The trade deficit and immigration didn't help. In 1982 the United States began running massive trade deficits in industrial goods, particularly cars, auto parts and consumer electronics, creating a net loss of American manufacturing jobs. And the influx of unskilled immigrants during the '80s drove down the wages of third-tier workers, particularly in the West. In a 1991 study for the National Bureau of Economic Research, economists George J. Borjas, Richard Freeman and Lawrence Katz (who is now the Labor Department's chief economist) estimated that from 1980 to 1988, up to half of the 10 percent decline in the wages of high school dropouts was attributable to the trade deficit and the immigration of unskilled labor.

The entry of women into the work force may also have depressed real wages. From 1970 to 1988 the percentage of working women rose from 43.3 to 56.6. These new workers probably helped hold down wages in third-tier service work, but more important, they allowed the impact of the sharp contraction of male income to be softened. By contributing to family income, women made it possible for families to increase their income even though individual wages were declining. According to Mishel and Bernstein, family income grew 0.6 percent per year from 1973 to 1979 and 0.4 percent from 1979 to 1989. If family income had declined at the same precipitous rate as male income, then workers would have fiercely resisted wage cuts, and the 1980s might have been a period of labor militancy similar to the 1870s or 1930s.

Of course, not all workers have suffered declining wages in the past two decades. During the 1970s college-educated workers and upper-level white-collar workers found their wages stagnating, but in the early '80s, they gained ground, creating a widening gulf between lower- and upper-income workers and between high school and college-educated workers. But this gap may prove transitory. From 1989 to 1993 the wages of white-collar executives and managers dropped 0.8 percent, the wages of technical workers fell 2.9 percent and the wages of

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college-educated workers declined by 2.5 percent.

The rise and then fall in white-collar wages was caused partly by a shift in supply and demand. According to economists Frank Levy and Richard Murnane, the number of college-educated workers rose 85 percent between 1971 and 1980; then, between 1979 and 1987, a time when new technology was creating demand for specially trained workers, the number rose by only 32 percent, bidding up wages. Now supply is once more outrunning demand. In *The Monthly Labor Review*, Kristina Shelley, an economist at the Bureau of Labor Statistics, predicts that from 1990 to 2005 job openings for college graduates will slump compared with the previous five years, while the number of bachelor's degrees will increase. The temporary reprieve for college-educated earnings may already be over.

White-collar and college-educated workers are also going through a process called "proletarianization." Initially seen as professionals or as part of management, these workers are now finding their work regulated in the same manner as wage workers in factories and offices. Doctors and nurses have become employees of HMOs; computer programmers have become piece workers for giant software firms. As they have lost the prerogatives of management or the protections of a craft guild, their wages have begun to fall like everyone else's.

So what's to be done? Plenty of solutions have been proposed to counter the decline of wages, but most of them address secondary rather than primary causes. Economists typically blame lower wages on lagging productivity and hope higher productivity is the answer. They're half-right. Higher productivity is necessary for higher real wages, but it hasn't turned out to be sufficient. During the 1980s manufacturing productivity grew a robust 3.6 percent annually, but manufacturing wages fell by 0.6 percent per year. What might have been labor's share went into dividends and profits.

Clinton's solution, derived from Secretary of Labor Robert Reich, is to finance worker retraining. Reich argues that the cause of wage decline is a mismatch between workers' skills and the demands of a high-tech economy, resulting in too many unskilled or semi-skilled workers chasing too few jobs and too few college graduates chasing the new high-wage, high-skill jobs. Reich has proposed spending $3.5 billion on worker retraining over the next four years. "All of the studies show that if you get long-term training [for] a year or more," Reich explains, "you're going to affect your future incomes by increasing that future income by an average of 5 to 6 percent."

Reich is also half-right. There's a surplus of unskilled and semi-skilled labor. Unfortunately, giving them skills won't necessarily help things. According to a study last fall by James Franklin of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, most new jobs in the next decade will be as unskilled hospital orderlies or food preparation workers, not as software engineers or marketing supervisors. And while training, especially on the job, can boost productivity, studies don't bear out Reich's or Clinton's hopes that it will raise the future wages of those involved. The most recent Labor Department survey, conducted by the highly respected Mathematica Policy Group, found that laid-off workers who underwent training under the Trade Adjustment Assistance Act failed to raise their wages. More than three-quarters of the workers, the study found, "earned less in their new job three years after their initial unemployment insurance claim than they did in their pre-layoff job."

The solution favored by many labor leaders and liberal Democrats is to restore the pre-1973 status quo. They want to raise the minimum wage (which Clinton has postponed asking Congress to do), reform labor laws, restrict the immigration of unskilled workers and remove incentives for firms to have foreign countries do their manufacturing. While these measures address the causes of wage decline much more directly than do the economists' or Clinton's proposals, they slight the genuine dilemma that American businesses face. If wages were to increase at the rate that they did from 1948 to 1973, many American firms quickly would suffer the fate of Frigidaire or Philco. The world economy is simply a different and less friendly place than it once was.

What is really needed is a grand compromise between business and labor, where business would secure labor's commitment to raising productivity and keeping wage costs competitive in exchange for its support of legislation strengthening labor's organizing rights. Although it wouldn't restore the status quo ante, this kind of compromise would do more to brake the fall in wages than the most innovative training program.

Some labor economists and maverick labor leaders have already suggested this kind of compromise. MIT economist Thomas Kochan, a member of the administration's newly appointed Commission on the Future of Worker-Management Relations, has proposed one possible deal. Business would support labor law reform to put teeth into the laws that deter companies from strong-arming against union organization. In return, labor would swallow what is now a potentially illegal way to raise worker productivity—Japanese-style, management-sponsored employee committees in nonunion workplaces. But while some labor unions would support this kind of compromise, business is almost universally opposed. Absent a wave of 1930s-style worker militance, business leaders believe they would be giving up more than they receive by agreeing to any new labor organizing rights. Kochan has tried to interest Clinton and Reich in this idea, but they remain enthralled with the panacea of retraining.

It would be nice if the affliction of falling real wages could be cured through the market's invisible hand. But it has already persisted through three recessions and recoveries. It's a problem that ultimately requires visionary thinking and radical political action. But like other such problems (welfare reform leaps to mind), the decline of wages will probably have to get worse before everyone can agree on a viable strategy for reversing it. What our standard of living will be when that happens is anybody's guess. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Midwinter Roundup

The Pelican Brief (Warner Bros.). The last word of the title has come in for wry comment since this thriller runs over two hours. But there's something even more wry about the picture.

John Grisham, author of the novel on which the film is based, is a lawyer and is doing for the legal profession what Michael Crichton, a physician, is doing for the medical profession: exploiting it. Plenty of professionals have written fiction about their professions, but these two men take some sort of cake for commercial cleverness. Surely by now there is somewhere a young architect or engineer or chemist or microbiologist who is readying a thriller in which he or she can exploit slickly, without much ethical concern, what he or she has learned and practiced. Before long, perhaps, people will be choosing their professions with an eye on whether best-selling thrillers can be quarried from them.

Julia Roberts is here a law student who hypothesizes about the reasons for the murders of two Supreme Court justices. Her thesis touches nerves in high places. The plot wriggles on and on, in incessant twists and turns, until Roberts saves the United States, or something like that.

Two noteworthy points. Her chief aide in all this is a Washington investigative reporter, played by a black actor, Denzel Washington. He becomes her closest friend. Ten years ago this relationship would have been unlikely in American films. Ten years from now the relationship might develop amorously as it would today between two people of the same race.

Roberts's teacher-lover is played by Sam Shepard, who disappears early. What a waste. Why doesn't someone insist that this astoundingly versatile man develop his acting forces to the full?

Tombstone (Hollywood). The best thing about this Western is that it makes almost no attempt to modernize the ethos of Westerns. This is a relief from the Orwellian rewriting of history that goes on in so many latter-day Westerns. The second best thing about it is that it gives us another example of Val Kilmer's range. The story is another go-round of the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral story, and Kilmer plays Doc Holliday, the tubercular, elegant friend of Wyatt Earp. It's a graceful performance in itself, but it's even better if you saw him as, for instance, Jim Morrison in *The Doors*. Kilmer is a genuine talent.

Kurt Russell, who plays Earp, is not. First, he lacks physical presence. To see this man walking toward you in Western garb, trying to look craggy behind a droopy moustache, is to sigh for Gary Cooper or John Wayne or some dozens of others. If Russell could compensate for his lack of physicality with electric acting power, it would help; but he doesn't have it. This makes the town of Tombstone's awe of him, as a fabled gunfighter, completely spurious.

Like so many other recent productions, this is a film that doesn't know when to stop. It concludes several times before it finally lies down and quits, and every one of its codas is riddled with gunfire—stupid, stupid gunfire.

Wayne's World 2 (Paramount). This was almost amusing enough to make me sorry that I'd missed No. 1. Mike Myers, pearl of *So I Married an Axe Murderer*, plays an Illinois post-adolescent who does a local T.V. program with Dana Carvey, impersonator extraordinary. The plot, to wear that worn word further, concerns a rock concert that Myers stages in his town at the behest, in a dream, of Jim Morrison (not played by Val Kilmer).

At its best the film comes close to being a midwest high school version of Monty Python, not least in its disregard of film protocol. For instance, Myers stops at a filling station to ask directions and an elderly attendant tells him how to get where he wants to go, then reminisces about a girl he used to know on that street. Myers turns to the camera and asks whether they can't get a better actor for the part. In steps Charlton Heston in filling-station garb, does the scene over again and reduces Myers to tears.

Myers and Carvey both comment on the fact that they are a little too old to be playing youthful wackos, but that doesn't wipe away our awareness that they are a little too old to be playing youthful wackos. Still, it's all a chirpily blithe holiday from cinematic sanity.

Wrestling Ernest Hemingway (Warner Bros.). All too often a film comes along that seems to have the word "Why?"

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Accompanist. *A well-wrought small drama about a young woman who accompanies both a soprano's recitals and her private life. French. Set in Paris and London during World War II. (Reviewed 12/13/93)* **In the Name of the Father.** *Daniel Day-Lewis and Emma Thompson in a stirring re-creation of the case of the Guildford Four—the Irish people wrongly convicted of terrorism in 1974 and acquitted fifteen years later. (1/3/94)* **Philadelphia.** *Hollywood's first dealings with AIDS—a good deal more than a polemic. Tom Hanks is vivid as a gay lawyer whose life is ending. (1/10&17/94)* **Schindler's List.** *Monumental. Steven Spielberg's overwhelming re-creation of a German's act of benevolence during the Holocaust. A work that will last. (12/13/93 and 1/24/94)* **—SK**

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inscribed across it—why was the picture made? Who could have thought that this screenplay by Steve Conrad would interest anyone? At least equally puzzling, why did that splendid actor Robert Duvall accept one of the two male leads? Why did the redoubtable Shirley MacLaine say yes?

It's about two old men in a southern Florida town and the landlady of one of them. One of the two oldsters is a retired sea captain played by Richard Harris, so we know we're in for the kind of performance in which the actor seems to be leading the applause he hopes to get. It would take a stronger director than Randa Haines, who was in charge, to keep Harris from wringing every moment, not for its truth but for all the acting he can get out of it.

MacLaine runs the rat-trap apartment house where he lives, and spends most of her too-brief time on screen being unimpressed with his semi-spurious advances and his display of his limp penis. Duvall is a retired, Cuban-born barber, punctilious of person and address, who becomes acquainted with Harris more or less at the other man's insistence. Duvall's work is polished, but it gleams in the middle of a vacuum.

The title is an example of Harris's inflated fibbing. He boasts that he once wrestled the author in Key West. However, the title is the most interesting line in the picture. Week after week films come along that are failed attempts at recognizable forms of success, but who on earth thought that this film could succeed? The producers of this wreck, Joe Wizan and Todd Black, that's who. •

The peculiar apotheosis of Lucian Freud.

The Misfit

By Sanford Schwartz

Much of the tension and the excitement surrounding the current show of Lucian Freud's recent work at the Met stems from a sentence in an essay that Robert Hughes wrote a number of years ago. In the catalog for the Freud retrospective in 1987 (which traveled to the Hirshhorn, in Washington, D.C., as well as to Berlin, Paris and London), Hughes announced that "over the past thirty-five years Lucian Freud has become the greatest living realist painter." Hughes's piece was excerpted in *The New York Review of Books*, where his pronouncement had the effect of a message brought down from Mt. Sinai, notwithstanding—or maybe because of?—*The New York Review*'s lack of interest in contemporary art.

Hughes's boost of Freud, by turns courageous, irritating and ambiguous, is worth talking about because it is as significant a call in its way as Clement Greenberg's singling out of Jackson Pollock. Hughes is arguably the most powerful art critic in the world these days, but art reviews are in a sense the least of him. While he is a keen deflator of what he sees as overblown reputations, his real passions would seem to be history, the portraiture of places, the state of the culture. In elevating Freud, though, he went further out on a limb than in any of these kinds of writing. With considerable daring, he sought to alter upward the standing of a living, and unlikely, artist, and thereby to refigure the whole chart.

In 1987 Freud was a painter in his mid-60s who had been admired in England, and had even been the subject of a cult following, for some forty years. There was nothing earth-shakingly original about his meticulously rendered, small-size portraits and his images of apprehensive people standing in rooms or lying on beds. But Freud, whose private life was the subject of gossip and who happened to be Sigmund's grandson, was a distinctive, even romantic figure. His pictures could be hypnotic, and they seemed to provide so many authentic peeks into a glamorously dejected bohemian existence. Hughes's appellation, which coincided with Freud's beginning to make his first truly large paintings, radically changed the artist's standing. He went from being an adornment of British art, a painter admired by

Lucian Freud: Recent Work
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
(December 16, 1993 – March 13, 1994)

Sanford Schwartz is the author of *Christen Købke* (Timken).

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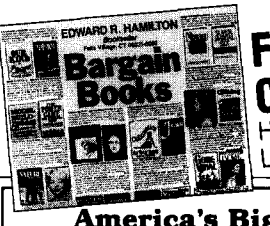

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English critics in part for his sheer uncategorizableness, to being a world-renowned master.

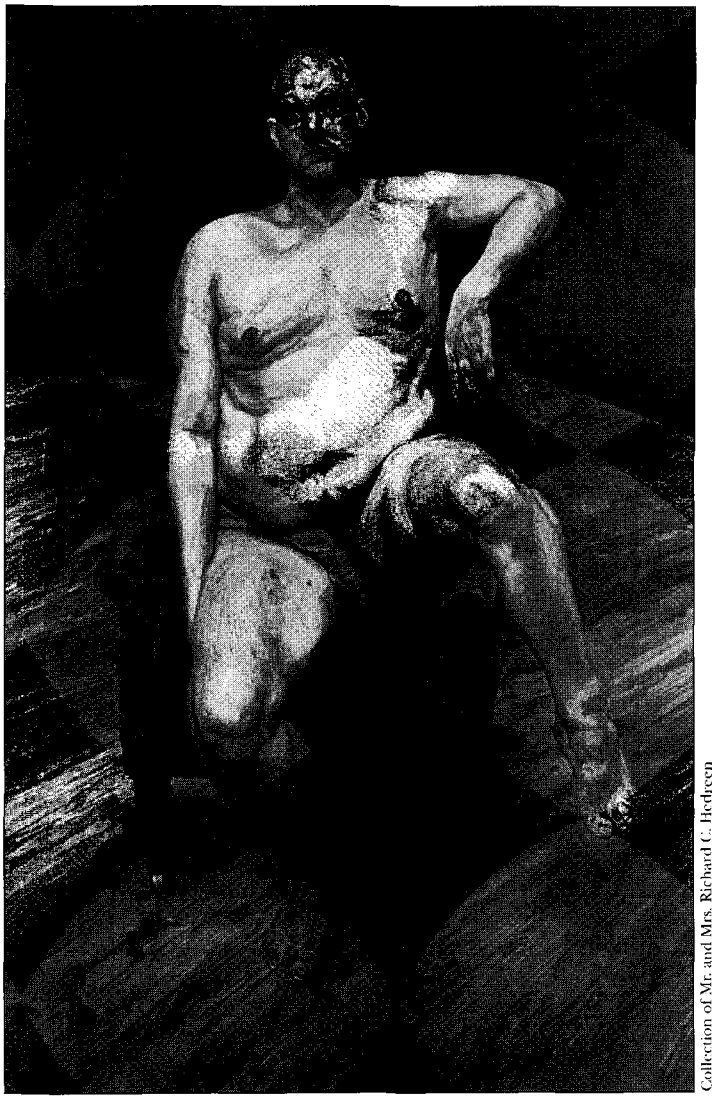
Yet Hughes's approach was grating. What does "greatest living realist painter" really mean nowadays? Is a "realist" an artist who paints only what he sees before him? If so, then Freud was being put at the head of a brigade that is so small in number, and so much at the margin of contemporary art, that "greatest living realist painter" is an empty distinction. But the victory Hughes wants for Freud is a profound one. He believes that the painter's dour portraits and tense images of sprawled nudes are commanding statements about late twentieth-century life. If Hughes was thinking of Freud's realism in these terms, then he might have called Freud the greatest living "figurative" painter, or "representational" painter, or painter, period.

Hughes never described Freud's direct competition, but he went on to attack artists—Warhol was named—who took their images from the media. So what Hughes's statement was about, it seemed, was not only Freud, but also more widely known, jazzier American artists; they could also be called "realists" in the sense that the word has any significance, but they were devalued by Hughes's statement. And the way Hughes framed the case for Freud has stuck. What's driving his current apotheosis is the thought, tantalizing to many, that an old-fashioned painter has stolen the thunder from the artists who have presumably made twentieth-century art into a series of ironic, relentlessly avant-gardist gestures.

That Freud has been dramatically championed late in life, and that there's also something fishy about his elevation, is perfectly in keeping with the ambivalence many of us have felt about him. Freud is a wonderfully brainy and sensuous artist, able to give a likably awkward yet resolute twist to whatever medium he uses. Yet he often winds up making peculiarly unpleasant and sometimes inadvertently corny pictures. Freud began his career as a purely linear artist, a creator of icily smooth graphic fantasies, and it is said to this day that his oil paintings, with their dominant tans, browns and ivories, are not about color, that they are really drawings in spirit. But the real excitement about his art, at least for me, is the polished sensual muscularity of his oil paint surfaces.

Freud insists on putting glass over his paintings, but this doesn't completely rob them of their objectlike physical presence. His individual canvas can resemble an aerial view of a Japanese gravel garden. He doesn't paint oil so much as marshal it in different clipped yet wooshing directions, with clumps of gravelly bits terraced here and there and ridges created between the various raked fields. And for all the oiliness and crunchiness of its surface, the paint itself ends up pleasingly unmuddied, clean, wholesome. Especially when he paints green, Freud's surface can have the enameled dull glow of a paint job by Rolls Royce.

The Met has added a sampling of pictures from the late 1940s through the 1970s to this show of Freud's recent work. (The original show was organized by the Whitechapel Gallery in London.) In addition, the Robert Miller Gallery in New York recently assembled a large exhibition of his early work, principally from the 1940s and 1950s. Freud is lucky that this makeshift retrospective was put together to accompany the main event, because no single aspect or phase of his art is as compelling as his overall development. He has transformed himself from a very literary and illustrational graphic artist, an artist who could all too easily make something poetically bizarre out of anything, into a specialist of the meaty, mundane here and now. Freud's development is a little like someone going in reverse; his career seems to have been one long attempt to purge himself of what made him odd, extraordinary, different.



Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Hedreen

LEIGH BOWERY (SEATED), 1990 (96 x 72")

It is a pleasant surprise, in the Met's show, to find that Freud still makes very small pictures, many in the area of ten inches on a side. Freud began as a miniaturist of sorts, and one of his real accomplishments over the years was keeping his appreciation for the tiniest detail even as he was mastering the art of oil painting with brushy brushes. His small, tightly cropped pictures are frequently among his best. His odd paintings of plants or leaves or backyard views, or those in which he plays with the effects of mirrors and reflections—some of these are at the Met—are equally absorbing. Not that he's necessarily interested in photography, but Freud's pictures are often successful to the degree that they recall photography's distortions and compressions.

Taken simply as a chapter in his life story, Freud's new paintings, many of which show naked single people or couples lying on a rickety bed, or placed in some uncomfortable position in a dingy studio, are exceptional. From an artist who has been identified with unusually small sizes all his life, who made smallness synonymous with urgency, here are pictures that are six or more feet on a side. And where Freud gave the impression in earlier pictures that he was discovering pain and discomfort in the faces and bodies of his sitters as he attempted to render them truthfully, here he seems to be painting individuals who will help him broadcast his philosophy. In a string of pictures of

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a startlingly large, hefty and hairless man with pale eyes, Freud seems to be sending forth his personal golem, a monument to fleshiness who personifies, and stands guard over, his vision.

The new big pictures are being presented as the climax of Freud's work, but they seem more like the product of an ego let loose. Even more than the images of grimly defenseless nudes he has done before, these paintings give the program notes rather than the music of his mind. Whatever tension there is comes from the ominousness or outlandishness of the individual sitters, not from the construction of the works. The pictures don't convey a sense of construction, of Freud's having firmly nailed down a rectangular inner space, at all. They could, it seems, be any size (and surely they would have more punch if they were smaller).

Kay Larson makes a case for Freud's latest work when she writes that "bodies of both sexes spread legs and reveal anatomical parts in ways that feel dangerous. (I mean Freud presents them as though he feels they're risky; that is, they push some limit of acceptability.)" Larson introduces the possibility that Freud, in these pictures, is an intrepid, even innocent explorer and not, as might be inferred from the imperial note struck so often in his numerous self-portraits, a detached orchestrator of seediness. But this doesn't banish my core feeling about Freud in his most ambitious moments, which is that a tense and dismal ceremony is demanding my loyal attention, and I don't want to be coerced.

Freud's taste for a sort of confrontational squalor becomes fresher and more involving, more an abstraction that stretches the mind, when it's taken as an instance of local London color. Part of Freud's mystique is that he operates outside art movements, that right from the start he was, as Anne Dunn puts it in the catalog accompanying the Miller show, "unfettered by academic precepts or artistic concern." In a well-known statement, the painter has said that his pictures are only about his own life, his own friends and studios. "It is an attempt at a record."

Yet surely Freud has grown into an imposing figure in part because of a mutually nourishing set of friendships and professional alignments with other figurative artists in London going back to the early 1950s. Freud has been linked with Francis Bacon, Frank Auerbach, Leon Kossoff and some half-dozen or so other painters. What they have all tackled, it might be said, is less the heavy-hearted figure, or the ill-heated interior or the sunless vista, than a larger sense of London as the headquarters of a drab and not especially friendly reality. The London figurative painters, it would appear, have worked all along with an eye on Paris and, even more, on New York. They have been fed by the thought that, in their canvases, they have retained an aspect of life that was weaned from Parisian art already by the impressionists and was never part of the "New York School," but that has always been part of everyone's experience everywhere.

Such a vision of London art and life might be expanded beyond the realm of these particular painters. It is an idea that probably can be traced back a hundred years to the young Walter Sickert, that connoisseur of the dusty and the banal, and was kept afloat by Bill Brandt, whose photographs of the 1930s and 1940s are a paean to London's every pimply, flushed face and every soot-darkened street. And the idea is currently being expanded by Gilbert and George. In their photo pieces, which call to mind circus posters gone berserk, they close the case on the proposition that, if you want to make an art out of the rot of daily life, London is an inspiration.

The image of Freud as an isolated adventurer, though, may outlast that of

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the participant in a School of London. In one hypothetical history of twentieth-century art, Freud could figure in a chapter with Bacon and Balthus and to some extent with Giacometti, and perhaps also with Alice Neel and Louise Bourgeois (not that the weight, or substance, of these artists is the same). Here are figures who came up through surrealism, or through a surrealist atmosphere, and found a way through it. They rejected it, actually. They rejected the going history of modernist art in general, in order to arrive at a place where each could begin a program of obsessive research into himself or herself, a program that said, "This is an endeavor that takes place outside of art historical time. It takes place in my own time. My work is not about the culture—it is about me."

In the twentieth century, when it seems that every avant-garde movement has been carefully monitored and precisely documented and always folded into the batter of the large, ongoing story of modernist art, powerful individuals who opt out have a value that can't be neatly aligned with their actual accomplishment. They are what a psychologist might call "transferential figures," blindingly important one moment, irrelevant the next. Freud has called forth from Robert Hughes an understandably knightly response, which is that the chart must be rearranged to accommodate this giant. An equally valid if unknightly response, springing from the mind of a Marcel Duchamp (or from Freud's own roots in surrealism), would be that this artist counts precisely because he'll never fit on the chart. •

The problem with "cosmetic psychopharmacology."

Shiny Happy People

BY DAVID J. ROTHMAN

Prozac and *Listening to Prozac* have both become best-sellers. Indeed, the fortunes of the book and the drug are so intertwined (the book made the lists before it was so much as advertised or reviewed) that it is impossible to discuss the one without the other. Many of Peter Kramer's readers are undoubtedly trying to learn more about a drug that they are already taking, or thinking of taking. And I am not disclosing a surprise ending by noting that Kramer promotes Prozac with unqualified enthusiasm. Were *Listening to Prozac* a package insert, it would never get FDA approval.

In commercial terms, the success of Prozac is astonishing. First put on the market as an anti-depressant in December 1987 (the drug was laboratory designed, not stumbled upon in practice), it has already been used by 11 million people, more than half of them in the United States. In 1989 alone, Prozac was prescribed in 382,000 psychiatric visits, or nearly one-third of all such visits that included a prescription for an anti-depression drug. In large measure because of Prozac, the number of patients for whom psychiatrists wrote anti-depression prescriptions increased more than 50 percent between 1980 and 1989.

Anecdotes give the figures more flavor. Not only is Prozac the stuff of *New Yorker* cartoons and full-page accounts in *The New York Times*, but most of us have our own stories. I express irritation with the incompetence of a plumber; he tells me to go on Prozac. I ask a waiter at a favorite New York restaurant how he is, and I am told, much better; it had been a crummy summer, but now he's on Prozac and all is well. My son relates that his friend's apartment was broken into; the thieves left his computer and his stereo equipment, but they took his Prozac. This, clearly, is the drug of the decade.

Listening to Prozac
by Peter Kramer
(Viking, 384 pp., $23)

Peter Kramer played no part in the science of Prozac's development, or in the professional evaluations of its safety or efficacy. But he is the first to write in popular fashion about the transformations brought about by the use of Prozac, relying on a dozen or so of his psychiatric patients' case histories. As he tells it, almost all the stories are successes, demonstrating Prozac's usefulness not only in treating depression, but in treating obsessive-compulsive disorders, panic anxiety, eating disorders, attention deficit disorders and more general malaise. Interspersed with the accounts are his thoughts on what the drug's impact tells us about the nature of the self: the old nature-nurture controversy resurfaces, now expressed as a contest between biological determinism and cultural influence. Kramer also touches on the debate over the proper scope of medicine, particularly the question of where cure stops and enhancement begins.

What makes *Listening to Prozac* intriguing is not the depth of Kramer's answers (by no stretch of the imagination is this a subtle book), but how readily he makes his peace with "cosmetic psychopharmacology." (The remarkable phrase is his, proudly presented.) Medical caution before a new and powerful drug does not restrain him; nor does the fact that many of his patients are not, by standard psychiatric classifications, sick. To the extent that Kramer is typical of his generation of physicians, it is plain that trusting the medical profession to be strict gatekeepers before therapies, new or otherwise, is foolhardy. Anybody who expects physicians to save us from ourselves, or from the worst imaginable abuses of twenty-first-century medical interventions, whether they involve genetic engineering, pharmacological interventions or surgical procedures, had better start searching for alternatives.

Consider a few vignettes about what it means to dispense Prozac as "cosmetic psychopharmacology." A visit from Tess, who is not now depressed but was formerly clinically depressed, sparked in Kramer a "clinical nose twitch." Her chief complaint was a dissatisfaction with how she was handling her company's labor union negotiations; and when Kramer asked about her boyfriend, she burst into tears. Admitting that these are "slim reeds" upon which to prescribe a drug, Kramer explains that he practiced the "art" of medicine and prescribed Prozac. Besides, "Who was I to withhold from her the bounties of science?" Within weeks, Tess was dating several men and handling the adamant union without being defensive. She felt a new "surety of judgment," and soon she was rewarded with a "substantial pay raise."

Julia arrived having read about Prozac in a magazine article that Kramer had written, and wanted a prescription. She

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saw herself, and was seen by others, as inflexible, demanding, suffering from perfectionism and from a need to control situations. She was, Kramer concedes, "a patient without a diagnosis," not even "dysthymic," that is, just below the threshold for major depression. Still, "I gave her what she had come for." In short order, "her life had been transformed." Insight into her problems had not been necessary. The drug did its work unassisted.

Gail, who was taking pills for headaches, anxiety and sleeplessness, found that Prozac reduced her need for other medications and made her less sensitive to social slights. She asked Kramer to increase her dosage, so that she could apply to become chair of her hospital department. Kramer was uncertain that the added dosage would help, "but I saw no reason not to try." She lost the contest, "but was able to take the rebuff in stride."

One reason that Kramer and so many other physicians are ready to deliver the bounties of science, and to give patients what they come for, is that they believe that the potential benefits of Prozac outweigh the known risks. Prozac is the first anti-depressant and mood elevating drug that has demonstrated efficacy with low side effects. Unlike other anti-depressants, the so-called tricyclics like Elavil and Norpramin, its biological actions are highly specific. It affects one specific substance, serotonin, that plays a critical role in neurotransmission, the conveyance of messages between nerve cells; and evidence suggests that a defect in the serotonergic transmitter system can affect depression and mood. What Prozac does is prevent the uptake of serotonin in the receptor nerve cell, thereby increasing its levels in the neurotransmission system. For reasons that are not well understood, this alteration has the effect of restoring confidence, improving self-image and raising energy. (If all this sounds too arcane, think of adrenaline, a related compound, and how its levels may affect mood.)

At least so far, Prozac appears to accomplish its actions without increasing, as tricyclic agents do, the risk of cardiac arrhythmia, potentially fatal drops in blood pressure, and deaths from overdose. (The suspicion that Prozac heightened the likelihood of suicide turned out to be a false alarm.) Yet it does frequently (20 percent to 30 percent of the time) cause nausea and diarrhea, and in a still unknown number of cases, sexual dysfunction (specifically, an inability to achieve orgasm). So, although Kramer periodically concedes that "no drug is risk-free," and recognizes that Prozac has been on the market only six years, he is altogether comfortable with its "benign side effect profile," and will lapse into describing Prozac's "lack of side effects." Since the drug appears to be safe, it is safe.

Still more central to Kramer's justifications for using Prozac cosmetically is his initial contention (which he later contradicts) that the drug restores patients to their original, ostensibly non-pathological, biological state. "Prozac," he writes, "seemed to give social confidence to the habitually timid, to make the sensitive brash, to lend the introvert the social skills of a salesman." The drug revealed "what in them was biologically determined and what was merely (experience being 'mere' compared to cellular physiology) experiential." In other words, the inhibitions that had marked behavior prior to the use of the drug reflected poor socializing experiences, or variations on inadequate family nurturance. After the use of the drug, patients regained their true selves, and those selves invariably turn out to be more outgoing, confident and resilient. "I had come to see," declares Kramer, "inborn, biologically determined temperament where before I had seen slowly acquired, history-laden character."

The obvious question is how Kramer, his patients or anyone else is able to distinguish temperament from character. How can our individual biological selves be identified as distinct from our social selves? In effect, Kramer simply posits that the "real me" is the me on the drug. If, on Prozac, I exhibit "charisma, courage, character and social competency," and then I go off the drug and lose these attributes and complain that "I don't feel myself," Kramer takes this as decisive evidence that courage and competency represent my authentic biological state.

But why enter such a quagmire and make such involuted arguments? Because Prozac, thanks precisely to its new and special virtues, threatens traditional psychiatric practices. It is too fast acting (two to three weeks, as against two to three years for psychotherapy), too independent of patient insight and too contrary to cultural norms, in the sense that it comes as a pill and its benefits are not "earned." Prozac, in short, subverts the foundations of psychotherapy. Why spend the time, the money and the energy to enter into an intense relationship with a therapist, if the same results, indeed better results, can be had from taking a pill with no side effects? Or, as Kramer phrases it most dramatically, his patient Sally is able to marry on Prozac "because she has achieved chemically

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the interior milieu of someone born with a different genome and exposed to a more benign world in childhood."

Unable to sustain the argument that Prozac brings out the "real me," Kramer has switched paradigms. He invokes an explanatory model for mental illness that looks to the biology of the species, not to the life history of the patient. John Stoeckle, a wonderfully sensitive general practitioner, once recalled the time that he had his stethoscope to a patient's chest and the patient started talking, at which point Stoeckle told him to be quiet so that he could hear him. In this sense, listening to Prozac obviates listening to the patient.

Kramer musters what evidence he can from psychoneurology to buttress the case for defining mental illness in terms of tangible, materialistic and cellular manifestations. To the degree that the scar of trauma is not only in the memory (and therefore susceptible to psychotherapy), but in the "changed anatomy and chemistry within the brain," it becomes more appropriate to dispense Prozac. To be sure, Kramer acknowledges that these biological correlatives are still "highly speculative," that he is moving "far ahead of the evidence" and that nobody has directly linked low levels of serotonin to chronic disturbances of mood. And yet he is convinced that we must now fully appreciate the "biological underpinnings for mood." So when his patient Daniel, a Holocaust survivor, suffers a depression years later, Kramer insists that his condition is "finally a physiological event." Prozac can successfully treat his physiology, and in the process it can rewrite his history.

The very phrase "cosmetic pharmacology" raises the specter of a gendered kind of medical intervention, which is all the more pointed when the diagnosis in question is depression. Approximately two-thirds of patients classified with clinical depression are women. Most of Kramer's stories involve women. His cast of characters includes Tess, Alice, Lucy, Gail, Julia, Hillary and Sally, joined occasionally by Sam and Paul and Daniel. Kramer's interest in neurophysiology notwithstanding, he does not follow his nineteenth-century predecessors in trying to identify a physiological basis for the preponderance of women with depression. Indeed, to ward off accusations of being a latter-day S. Weir Mitchell, the nineteenth-century neurologist who put his neurasthenic patients to bed for weeks on end, he contrasts Prozac with Valium and Librium. The 1950s and '60s sedatives, otherwise known as "mother's little helpers," accommodated women to the monotony and drudgery of their domestic lives, making them "comfortable in a setting that should have been uncomfortable." On the other hand, Prozac and its ilk are "feminist drugs, liberating and empowering." A psychiatrist who failed to prescribe the drug would keep "the wife entrapped." If you don't give Gail Prozac, she won't apply for that department chairmanship.

Yes, chairmanship, because there is no subtlety to Kramer's pitch for Prozac for women. A feminist criticism of Kramer would rightly see Prozac as enforcing the values of aggression and self-seeking ambition. Prozac would seem to give Henry Higgins his wish: the drug would finally enable "them" to become more like "us." Indeed, there is no subtlety to Kramer's rebuttal of the indictment that "we are using medication in the service of conformity to social values." In his stories, Prozac emerges as not only a male-gendered drug, but also as a quintessentially American drug. It does not enhance pleasure or bring happiness, but promotes adroit competitiveness. It is not a street drug that brings a quick high, it is an office drug that enhances the social skills necessary in a postindustrial, service-oriented economy.

None of this gives Kramer much pause. He is persuaded that the specter of social control stands as a quibble against "the joy on patients' faces." To read him is to be reminded that psychiatry, now as before, in private practice or in the asylum, takes as its mission accommodating patients to prevailing norms and, where necessary, as in the case of involuntary commitment, enforcing norms. The point need not be elaborated: it is at least seventy-five years since anyone seriously argued that psychiatry was a radical or radicalizing profession.

This long record of psychiatry as bastion of the status quo might counter any special fears about Prozac, save for two critical facts about the drug. First, it is a pill, and therefore ever so easy to dispense and ever so tempting to swallow. Second, it is only the first of many technologies that will have the capacity to enhance performance.

To take Prozac does not require expending significant time or money. It certainly does not require lengthy and frequent psychotherapy sessions, let alone a loss of liberty through confinement. The trade-offs around the pill, therefore, operate at the margins. To be sure, some people may believe that they have fulfilled their potential, satisfied their ambitions and mastered the skills of relationships. Many others may be skeptical that a pill improves character or performance, believing instead that the courage gained through understanding is different in quality and in kind from the courage gained through a pill; that "spiritual technology" is an oxymoron; that mechanical interventions do not foster enlightenment; that process outweighs product. But that will still leave a goodly number (millions?) enticed by the prospect of enhancement through Prozac. The drug does not appear to be dangerous and it just might work, not to bring happiness (that seems too mundane) but to promote success. They will be restless (the very term that the prescribing psychiatrist will want to hear) and ready to experiment, convinced, as good Americans should be convinced, of the possibility of the single redemptive act, of conquering without struggling or suffering.

But before taking the pill and erasing the distinction between psychotherapy and psychopharmacology, it is worth reading Susanna Kaysen's recent memoir, *Girl, Interrupted.* Her therapy was certainly not typical. It took place over sixteen months in McLean, Harvard's prestigious psychiatric hospital. She is not particularly forthcoming about how she worked through her own psychological problems, or particularly appreciative of her psychiatrists. But what Kaysen does demonstrate, more implicitly than explicitly, is how lessons from psychotherapy get integrated into a personality. She learns to live comfortably with herself, to make her peace with her desire to write and, as she puts it, to have boyfriends. There is simply no doubting that the person who leaves McLean is the real Susanna Kaysen.

Writing in the 1990s, Kaysen cannot avoid wondering about Prozac and (not quite aloud) whether if she were now 18, depressed and disorganized, the drug would have spared her those sixteen months inside and delivered the same understanding. She thinks not. True, "a lot of mind ... is turning out to be brain," and apparently, "not enough serotonin and you've got a depression." Psychotherapy, she believes, is retiring from the field. "Take two Lithium and don't call me in the morning because there's nothing to say; it's innate." But if she cannot disprove the brain model, she comes down firmly on the side of mind:

> It's a long way from not having enough serotonin to thinking the world is "stale, flat and unprofitable"; even further to writing a play about a man driven by that thought. That leaves a lot of mind room. Something is interpreting the clatter of neurological activity.

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It is difficult to disagree with Kaysen, not because her arguments are so analytically powerful, but because her memoir is so remarkable in describing the "parallel universe" that is madness, in introducing us to her fellow patients and in describing the curious mix of prison and sanctuary represented by a well-run asylum. Could she have done all this with a drug-induced rise in serotonin level? There is no way to be certain. But when Kaysen concludes by observing, "I got better ... and I can't explain why," when she tells us that "one of the great pleasures of mental health (whatever that is) is how much less time I have to spend thinking about myself" and when she says of the boundary separating the parallel universes, "I do not want to cross it again," we know we are in the presence of someone who has achieved an authenticity of self in a way that no dose of a pill is likely to match.

These arguments notwithstanding, Prozac's enormous appeal to patients and therapists forces us to confront a second, scarier reality: the emergence of new medical interventions with even greater capacities for enhancing performance. Two technologies, one already in use and one likely soon to come into use, clarify the dimensions of the problem.

There is now available a growth hormone that is effective in children of short stature. The hormone was first derived naturally (from the pituitary gland) and therefore it was both scarce and risky to use; but within a decade it was synthesized and became accessible and safe, though very expensive (about $18,000 a year for treatment). Initially, the drug was reserved for children with a demonstrated deficiency in their own levels of growth hormone. But the effort to hold that line could not be sustained. First it went to short children with no hormonal deficiency but with a history of major illness, such as leukemia; then it went to thousands of short children without deficiency or disease.

Why this diffusion? For many of the same reasons that Kramer advances for Prozac. Short stature (for which substitute shyness or passivity) may well be a "disease," if we take the term to mean any deviance from the norm. It is certainly stigmatizing (think of "shrimp," "midget" and "dwarf"). And it puts individuals at a marked disadvantage: in a cohort of over 5,000 men who passed a U.S. Air Force Academy entrance examination, after twenty-five years, those who were five-foot-five or five-foot-six inches tall earned $2,500 a year less than those who were six-foot to six-foot-one inches tall. What about growth hormone side effects? They appear to be minimal; the earlier concern about a greater risk of leukemia seems not to be borne out by subsequent data. Since the hormone seems safe, it is safe.

Every such instance generates another. If cosmetic surgery and cosmetic psychopharmacology are acceptable, on what grounds do we rule out cosmetic endocrinology? How do we ever draw a line around the medical or psychiatric domain that will distinguish individual differences from diseases? If shyness is a biologically determined disease, then why not shortness? There is also good reason to be concerned about a marketplace distribution that penalizes those with fewer resources. The advantages conferred by the administration of growth hormone, by virtue of its high price, will be limited to the well-to-do—but then scruples about unfairness don't seem to bother us when it comes to cosmetic surgery, or to psychiatry itself.

Raise the stakes to genetic interventions capable of enhancing growth, mood or intelligence, or reducing susceptibility to a disease, and the same reasoning is likely to hold. Why would physicians keep the bounties of science from their patients? Why not give them what they came for—for themselves, or for their children or for their fetuses? One physician practices cosmetic pharmacology; another, cosmetic genetics.

It is far easier to sketch the dimensions of the issues than the contours of a satisfactory public response. To date, with a few exceptions, once the FDA licenses a drug or device, decisions about its use in individual cases are left to the doctor and patient (which, as we have seen, means the patient), and to the marketplace (those who can afford to pay for it get it). A more restrictive alternative would require invoking state regulatory authority systematically, to have one or another administrative body tell doctors and patients what they may or may not do for their mutual benefit. But that means making medicine still more subservient to the state, not only for matters of reimbursement but also for patterns of practice.

Each option carries its own nightmare. Trust the patient, and you will set off a race for enhancement, which sooner rather than later will turn into a desperate effort to try to stay even. If the interventions raise height or I.Q. medians, then those who fail to use the technology, whether for reasons of principle or economic status, will become the shorter and slower members of their communities. Empower the state, on the other hand, and you will create a black market in drugs and procedures, and

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make medicine the government's handmaiden.

The use of steroids for enhancing athletic performances realized both these awful prospects. It sparked a race to stay even and it sparked an active black market, with the cooperation of a number of physicians. To be sure, the monitoring of athletic events probably has decreased, if by no means eliminated, the use of steroids. But even this limited success in keeping the players even on the field is not likely to be repeated in an open society. Were it to turn out that Prozac supplied an advantage in labor union negotiations or before hospital search committees, one could rest assured that the drug would be used, and heavily used. Kramer avers, almost as an aside, that an innate American conservatism or moderation about drug use will prevent such abuses. But surely the grounds for his confidence are flimsy, and his own practices undercut his assertion.

By the same token, appeals to neutral principles may not provide much assistance in guiding decisions about enhancement. The claim that there is something "unnatural" about such interventions is not a very persuasive argument against them. For there are many ways in which nature can be defined as the enemy, particularly when it limits our reach, in physical or intellectual terms. Indeed, many interventions might well be justified on the grounds of extending nature's bounty, along the lines of estrogen therapy for postmenopausal women.

The difficulty of making definitive ethical statements, together with the pervasive public distrust of state regulation in America and the readiness of so many American physicians to give their patients what they want, make it likely that over the next several decades we will test the limits of individualized marketplace decision-making. Kramer is only the first of what will be an army of physicians who will publicize and prescribe the new technologies. Today we stand and listen to Prozac; tomorrow we will listen to a new hormone, and the day after tomorrow, to a new genetic manipulation. I can conceive of strict rules and procedures, but I have grave difficulty imagining them implemented and respected. We would need a very different breed of patient and doctor, and we would have to be a very different kind of society. •

Family Values

By Samuel Hynes

Splendours and Miseries: A Life of Sacheverell Sitwell by Sarah Bradford

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 486 pp., $35)

Let's begin with a trivia question: What English literary family of this century appears as both an adjective and a noun in the supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary? Answer: the Sitwells—Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell. *Sitwellian* and *Sitwellism* may not be necessary terms in today's critical vocabulary, but in the early days of High Modernism they had considerable currency in journalistic criticism and literary gossip. Collectively the three Sitwells were perceived to embody something uniquely their own, though observers disagreed as to what that something was: A poetic style? A spiteful way of gossiping? A method of self-promotion? A shared paranoia? A self-created legend? It was, in fact, all of these; and the sum of them made the Sitwells, in their day, England's most visible literary family.

The beginning of their visibility can be dated quite precisely. It was 1916, when Edith and Osbert published *Twentieth-Century Harlequinade*, a book of their poems, and Edith launched her poetry annual, *Wheels*, which contained poems by all three Sitwells. Edith was 29, Osbert 24, Sacheverell 20. From that time, literary people began to notice them; references to them turn up in the letters and the diaries of Arnold Bennett, Aldous Huxley, Eliot, Sassoon, Virginia Woolf. But the Sitwells weren't taken very seriously. "Their great object is to REBEL," Huxley wrote in 1917, "which sounds quite charming; only one finds that the steps they are prepared to take, the lengths they will go are so small as to be hardly perceptible to the naked eye."

Still, it is surprising that they became literary figures at all. They were minor aristocracy—the children of a baronet and an earl's daughter—and that class has never contributed much to English culture. And their parents were particularly difficult people: Sir George an obstinate autocrat who was pathologically tight with his money, Lady Ida a feckless gambler who nearly bankrupted the family and went to prison in 1915 for fraud. So the three young people who turned up in London determined to be poets arrived with some heavy luggage: too much family, you might say, and not enough cash.

It was difficult being a rebel during the war; indeed, it was almost against the law. But after 1918 it was easier. Those early postwar years were a confused, uncertain time. For many English people, and especially the generation that had fought the war, the past and its values seemed dead and useless; everything—politics, art, literature, manners—would have to be changed, made new for a new world. Just as many were frightened of change, and filled the columns of the daily papers with their lamentations and forebodings. Yet change happened, and so we remember its instruments, and forget the troubled people who opposed it. That's Whig history; we all do it.

It was in the years just after the war that English modernism really began. But not in a clear directional way, the way the road to Oxford begins in Oxford Street: the map of modernism would be drawn later. We look back at the early '20s, and see Eliot and Joyce and Woolf, and we think that the way into the postwar literary world must have been clear; but it wasn't. Who in 1920 would have put their money on a neurotic young American in a London bank, an Irishman in Paris or a troubled woman in Richmond to give English writing a new direction?

Into that uncertainty marched the confident Sitwells, determined to make their poetry and themselves news. They published poems, and were blasted in the daily press as the "Asylum School of Poetry," and fired back contemptuous replies. They supported whatever was avant-garde in the arts—the ballets of Diaghilev, the music of William Walton, the novels of Ronald Firbank, the paintings of Pavel Tchelitchew. They organized a London show of the latest French paintings.

The most publicized thing that they did, however, was a poetry reading, of Edith's poem-cycle *Façade*, that they staged in 1923. How do you make a poetry reading news? (A lot of creative writing programs would like to know the answer to that question.) The Sitwells did it, first of all, by choosing some very odd poems. Edith had written the pieces

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in *Façade*, she said, as experiments in the orchestration of spoken sound, intending to capture the rhythms of modern dance tempos—the fox-trot, the tango, the waltz—and (though she didn't say it) not worrying too much about the sense. To accompany these poems, William Walton was commissioned to write appropriate music and Frank Dobson to paint the stage curtain. This curtain featured two large, open-mouthed masks. Osbert, placed behind one mask, announced the poems through a megaphone; Edith, behind the other, recited them, also through a megaphone. In the pit, Walton and his orchestra played.

To persons of advanced views in the audience, the show was a great and totally modern success. But not everyone was prepared for

> When
> Sir
> Beelzebub called for his syllabub in the
> hotel in Hell
> Where Proserpine first fell,
> Blue as the gendarmerie were the waves of
> the sea . . .

or

> Thetis wrote a treatise noting wheat is
> silver like
> the sea; the lovely cheat
> is sweet as foam; Erotis
> notices that she . . .

Noël Coward walked out (and later wrote a parody of Sitwellian poetry). Some of those who stayed booed and hissed. Reviewers mocked and blustered. Osbert was delighted. "We had created," he said, "a first-class scandal in literature and music."

The posture that they adopted was not new. Artists had been shocking the bourgeoisie for a long time, under various banners—aestheticism, art-for-art's-sake, dandyism, decadence. They were simply doing for the '20s what Oscar Wilde had done for the '90s: they were making Art outrageous. But they were different in one respect. Their outrageousness had not only a general target, but a particular one: their father. Sir George must indeed have been a very trying parent—capricious, tyrannical, indifferent to his children except when they offended him, obsessed with the noble antiquity of the family and equally obsessed with the fragility of its finances (though he managed to maintain both a country house in England and a castle in Italy). His children might have declared their independence from him, and lived modestly on their small private incomes and their royalties; instead they chose to live like Sitwells and quarrel endlessly with their father over money. Among themselves they mocked him, called him "Ginger" (he had a red beard) and devised ways of embarrassing him. That's what they were doing, that evening at the Aeolian Hall: *Façade* was one in the eye for the old man.

The Sitwells's harassment of Ginger was a Thirty-Years'-War, but it was not a *class* war. They never doubted that being aristocrats made them superior, and they made much of their genealogy. Edith fancied herself a Plantagenet, and dressed like one, and Osbert was frequently described as "Hanoverian" (which implies a large, red-faced German, but a particularly haughty one). Class was a fundamental part of the Sitwellian pose, an elevation from which they fired down shots upon their less exalted enemies. "They're aristocrats, I say," Virginia Woolf wrote in her diary, "thinking criticism upstart impertinence on the part of flunkys."

The decade of the '20s in England was Dandyism's last flutter, and the Sitwells were a notable part of it. For a time they swam happily in the shallow end of the modernist pool, and they were, in their way, famous. But not as modernist writers: the spectacle that was Sitwellism wasn't a literary movement, or even a part of one. It was, rather, a sort of family circus-act, like The Flying Wallendas. When the decade ended, the act's fame faded; there would be no room in the '30s for their frivolities and their condescensions. The Sitwells went on, as busy and as visible as ever—writing, going about in society, quarreling over money—but farther and farther from the center of English literary life: a class-act, bound inextricably together by the legend they had created. Their campaign of self-promotion had been too successful.

"The Sitwells" was a stylish production; but its principal effect was to diminish and to trivialize the three performers and their serious, quite distinct work as writers. All their adult lives they were hardworking professionals at their trade: in the nearly fifty years between the trio's first book (Edith's *The Mother* in 1915) and their last (Osbert's *Pound Wise* in 1963), the three of them wrote some 170 books. And all kinds of books: novels, poems, biographies, travel narratives, art criticism, literary criticism, memoirs. Edith wrote a book about Bath, Osbert wrote about Brighton, Sacheverell did Edinburgh. Any commission that an agent could wangle, they would do. They were especially good at writing about eccentrics, for perfectly apparent reasons; Edith's *English Eccen-*

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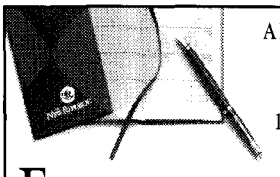

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trics is a witty celebration of a type that her class has always produced, and Osbert's *Left Hand, Right Hand* does the same for the family. But they were also good at celebrating the other things that mattered to them: Art, Taste and the past that they shared.

Throughout the long run of "The Sitwells," Edith and Osbert were the stars. *They* performed *Façade*. *They* toured America and sat for their portraits like royalty. (I'm thinking of the photograph taken in the Gotham Book Mart in 1948, where the two of them sit enthroned in the middle of the shop, surrounded by an odd collection of courtiers—Auden, Spender, Tennessee Williams, Marianne Moore, Gore Vidal—and Edith appears to be wearing a crown.) *They* acquired titles—Osbert succeeded his father, Edith was made a Dame.

And Sacheverell? He lived in the shadows of his more flamboyant siblings, a condition that he resented but could not alter. "There is another brother," he wrote crossly to a publisher in the 1950s, "myself—a fact which is sometimes overlooked because the public swallows two members of the same family with difficulty, and has, now and again, hardly appetite for a third..." And it is true that while most readers can think of at least one book by the elder two, nobody remembers what Sacheverell wrote, except perhaps a few art historians. Yet he was the most intelligent of the three, the most learned, the most original. I would cheerfully trade the complete works of Edith, to say nothing of Osbert, for the best of Sacheverell's books.

(At this point we come to a small crisis. Sacheverell Sitwell's biographer refers to her subject throughout as "Sachie," as his friends and family did. I can imagine the three Sitwells looking down from Heaven and sniffing, "Impertinent!" Still, she does it, so I will.)

Sachie wrote a lot of books—sixty-six by my count. Some of them are books of poems, and he would no doubt have said that they were the most important, for he thought of himself as, most of all, a poet. But I think he was wrong; his poems seem to me willed, written because his sister and brother wrote poems and not out of his deepest self. There is one exception: "Agamemnon's Tomb" is a powerful meditation on death, a favorite Sachie theme. Yeats, that shrewd judge of minor poets, chose it for his *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, and he was right: it is a splendid poem.

But the center of his achievement lies elsewhere, in a group of prose works for which there is no single descriptive term. Some are ostensibly art history (*Southern Baroque Art*, *The Gothic North*), some build on personal memories (*All Summer in a Day*, *For Want of the Golden City*), some are wandering fantasias (*Dance of the Quick and the Dead*, *The Hunter and the Hunted*). But they have much in common: one voice, one style, one imagination, one set of organizational habits and (most of all) one vast set of experiences of art. "I believe I have reached the age," Sachie wrote to a publisher in the 1950s, "when I have seen, heard or experienced nearly all the works of art, and the sensations, or effects of art, in the world..." His books were re-creations of those experiences, fixed in language and fantastically arranged to please himself. Together they make an aesthete's autobiography.

Photograph by Maurice Beck

THE SITWELLS: OSBERT, EDITH AND SACHEVERELL

For the aesthete, the most important thing about art is that it is not life—not natural, not in any organic sense *real*. It offers what Sachie called a "personal world of choice," more orderly, more pleasurable and more secure than what life provides. In Sachie's case art was an escape from the intolerable reality of Ginger and Lady Ida. But it was more than that: his vision of human existence was dark, and grew darker. "The world is not as I would have it," he wrote in a poem; and so he turned to the other world of art with a kind of desperation.

Sachie's favorite styles in painting and architecture were the Gothic, the baroque and the rococo—the styles of exaggeration, distortion and extravagant decoration—and in his writing he reached for the same artifice and the same grand excess. His prose is as elaborate as a Brussels tapestry, and is designed to give a comparable pleasure in its intricately knotted surface. When the subject is memory, the effect is Proustian—heaped-up sensory detail bathed in the light of nostalgia. When Sachie writes about art his mind moves in a restless stream of association, leaping from one art-object to another, so that reading, say, *The Hunter and the Hunted* is like running a marathon through the Victoria and Albert museum. His books are not for the short-winded.

Sachie subtitled one of his books "An Entertainment of the Imagination," but that phrase would do for virtually *all of them*—or maybe "A Distraction of the Imagination" would be better, the imagination being his. But though they are both entertaining and distracting, they are also melancholy. Art is there to be experienced, the past is there to be remembered; but they don't block out the dark realities—the passage of time, suffering, annihilation. Sachie wrote with pained fascination about the horrors of imprisonment and madness, and again and again about death, a theme that grew more insistent in his work as he grew older. There are terrible passages in book after book: "Purgatorio" in *Dance of the Quick and the Dead*, "Book of the Dead" in *Journeys to the Ends of Time*, the grotesque "Jeweled Skeletons" in *For Want of the Golden City*.

Art, Sachie said, was his religion; and we can take his entertainments of the imagination as his testament. But what their eloquent testimony tells us is that a religion of art must fail, that it has no answers to the big questions of exis-

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tence, that it offers no morality, no eschatology and no abiding consolation. Art is a pleasure and a distraction in a world of darkness; and beyond it there is nothing. "So it has all been a waste," he wrote in "Jeweled Skeletons," "but what a glorious waste of time!"

Sachie's books are one long record of that glorious waste. But even if you have the endurance to read them all, you won't find the whole story of his life. For the particulars of the private life—the miserable quarrels over money, the love affairs, the difficulties of marriage, the disappointments and occasional gratifications of a literary career—you will have to turn to Sarah Bradford's biography. It is, fortunately, a very good one: thorough, carefully researched and sympathetic to its subject, and written in a prose that is more functional, and a good deal less decorated, than his ever was. If it somewhat diminishes Sachie—the voice and the presence of the books, that is—that is inevitable; all literary biography diminishes, by bringing into the story all the small disasters and defeats that literature and legend leave out. Perhaps that is especially so in Sachie's case, for he aimed to make works of art out of his own sensibility; Bradford has added the life.

It would be nice to think that by performing this difficult Siamese operation, by separating Sachie from his siblings, she has made a revival of interest in his work possible. But in a world without aesthetes (and who has seen one lately?) he will never be a popular favorite. For a few ideal readers, who have trouble sleeping or dislike their own lives, his books will provide entertainment and distraction; though they must be prepared to be ambushed by dark thoughts. Readers who like odd facts, obscure historical anecdotes, elaborate prose, the unpredictable dartings of a limber mind, will take to him. Perhaps there are enough such readers to win him a place in that library of permanent books that we call literary history. His place will not be down among the crowd-pleasers, but on a high shelf with the other exotics, with Baron Corvo and Charles M. Doughty, the writers that other, odder readers read.

SAMUEL HYNES is the author most recently of *A War Imagined: The First World War and English Culture* (Atheneum).

The Poet at the Bat

BY WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD

The Museum of Clear Ideas by Donald Hall

(Ticknor & Fields, 120 pp., $18.95)

Life Work by Donald Hall

(Beacon Press, 124 pp., $15)

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, / Who is Donald Andrew Hall?" begins an early, short poem by the subject in question. There is an easy answer: Donald Hall has been for four decades one of the most thorough literary professionals in America. Author of many books of poems (*Old and New Poems*, published in 1990, collects the shorter ones that he wishes to keep), he has also written a number of elegantly shaped prose reflections of which *Life Work* is the latest. Children's books, a poetry textbook, a volume of short stories and a richly anecdotal and shrewd consideration of some poets from his century (*Their Ancient Glittering Eyes*, which appeared in 1991) are further items in the steady work of forty years. He has won prizes, and traveled to China, Japan and India giving readings with his wife, the poet Jane Kenyon.

The career surely appears to be a highly successful one. Yet somehow Hall doesn't very often show up in the anthologies. Born in 1928, he is part of an impressive list of American poets who greeted the world in the years 1926-1929, a list that includes Snodgrass, Ammons, Merrill, Creeley, Ginsberg, Wagoner, O'Hara, Bly, Kinnell, Ashbery, Merwin, Wright, Levine, Sexton, Rich, Howard and Hollander, all of whom except Hall are represented in *The Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry*. Nor does he figure in *The Norton Anthology of American Literature*, nor in Helen Vendler's *Harvard Book of Contemporary American Poetry*. (He has not refrained from taking the occasional lively swipe at both Norton and Vendler.)

The result of this exclusion, perhaps the assumption behind it, is that here in the '90s Hall is still thought of as essentially a '50s poet who edited (with Robert Pack and Louis Simpson) an influential anthology, *New Poets of England and America* (1957), that was taken as celebrating what Randall Jarrell called the era of "The Poet in the Gray Flannel Suit." In that anthology Hall represented himself by foursquare poems in rhyme and stanza such as "My Son My Executioner" and "The Body Politic" ("I shot my friend to save my country's life"), which ended rather heavily in portentous wisdom. When Jarrell reviewed Hall's first book, *Exiles and Marriages*, in 1956, he called the poems "commonplace"; and somehow that notion of Hall's work has stuck around. Whatever poetry colleagues like Ammons and Creeley, Ashbery and Rich are, they aren't commonplace, and I suspect that the contrast did Hall's reputation no good. Yet the first entry under "commonplace" in the Oxford English Dictionary is "a passage of general application." In this sense I would say that Hall's books over the years, especially his most recent ones, bear out such a charge by illustrating what it means to be human.

The Museum of Clear Ideas consists mainly of a long poem, "Baseball," divided into innings and extra innings, and a sequence of short poems titled "The Museum of Clear Ideas," subtitled "Or Say: Horsecollar's Odes." The prose book, *Life Work*, is short, consisting of two equal sections, the first of which gives us various thoughts on the subject of work and, in economical but telling detail, sketches out Hall's daily labor as a writer. The second section begins, shockingly, with his discovery, having written a chunk of the new book, that he has metastasized cancer of the liver and will need to have it removed if he hopes to survive. *Life Work* ends with Hall, after the operation, telling us that from now on he will undertake only short-term projects since, in the book's final and very moving sentence, "There is only one long-term project."

It is interesting to note that William Arrowsmith, in a review of Hall's first book of poems, called it entertaining, "a handsome first book," but was also hard on it, asserting that most of its poems sounded "as though Mr. Hall were an old man, in deep control of dead experi-

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ence, and nowhere capable of surprise." That was a harsh but pertinent thing to say about a manner that the young poet had taken on too quickly. In an interview many years later, Hall himself admitted that he no longer knew the person who wrote, for example, "My Son My Executioner" (first called "Epigenethlion") with its "meter, rhyme, paradox, irony, abstraction." But, he said, he can still recognize and hear himself in the poems "associated with Surrealism" that he began to write in the late 1950s. And he mentions Robert Bly and James Wright as poet-friends who were also at that time moving beyond iambics and irony into free verse and fantasy—as in "The Long River," the first such poem Hall wrote in this mode:

> The musk ox smells
> in his long head
> my boat coming. When
> I feel him there,
> intent, heavy,
>
> the oars make wings
> in the white night,
> and deep woods are close
> on either side
> where trees darken.
>
> I rowed past towns
> in their black sleep
> to come here. I passed
> the northern grass
> and cold mountains.
>
> The musk ox moves
> when the boat stops,
> in hard thickets. Now
> the wood is dark
> with old pleasures.

What part of himself did Hall still hear in this little poem? Surely the syllabics that have been—and, in the new volume of poems, still are—an important part of his technique, making the free verse decidedly not slack. Perhaps he also heard a sensibility (if you can "hear" sensibility) less rigid, less abstract and tightly controlled than the early poems manifested.

Here one's personal taste comes to the fore, and I confess that I don't find much sustenance in these poems of the surreal, deep-image variety that Hall wrote in the 1960s. Their deliberate sacrifice of tonal range and variety in the interest of something less personal, more "universal" or psychologically profound seems to me a bad trade-off, even though writing them enabled Hall to move beyond the Yvor Winters-like cast of certain early poems. (Hall has a fine memoir of Winters, with whom he studied at Stanford, in *Their Ancient Glittering Eyes.*) At any rate there is a consensus, correct I think, that Hall's emergence as a truly interesting, humanly satisfying poet coincided with his abandoning an academic career at the University of Michigan and moving to his grandparents' house in New Hampshire.

The title poem from *Kicking the Leaves*, published not long after that move, has a leisured spaciousness to it. There is a deepened, elegiac sense of life looked back on (Hall was about to turn 50), but also a spirit of acceptance and celebration, as in the poem's final section:

> Face down, I swim into the leaves, feathery,
> breathing the acrid odor of maple,
> swooping
> in long glides to the bottom of October—
> where the farm lies curled against winter,
> and soup steams
> its breath of onion and carrot
> onto damp curtains and windows; and past
> the windows
> I see the tall bare maple trunks and
> branches, the oak
> with its few brown weathery remnant
> leaves,
> and the spruce trees, holding their green.

The long lines manage to incorporate a sweep of sound that feels supple and ongoing. A number of poems from *Kicking the Leaves* and its successor volume *The Happy Man* (1986)—"Names of Horses," "Stone Walls," "Traffic," "Twelve Seasons" and "The Day I Was Older"—were the best ones that Hall had written. Undergirded by their rhythms and their sonorities, they also exhibit an effective prose sense, vindicating Pound's insistence that poetry should be at least as well-written as good prose. Hall had already produced such prose in his memoir of his New Hampshire grandparents on the farm (*String Too Short to Be Saved*, 1961), and he would go on to write more of it in *Seasons at Eagle Pond* (1986), an admirably poised account of his and Jane Kenyon's life there. The poems that he was writing were now continuous with his reflections in prose, and the only notably adverse criticism of the poems or the prose was directed at their picturesque rural nostalgia. Yet nostalgia and rural picturesqueness helped make Hall's poems attractively what they are.

The charge that Hall is, on occasion, too soft and too sweet cannot be brought against his long poem in three parts, *The One Day* (1989), which some have thought the height of his achievement. I'm not convinced that those three parts have the feel of a truly inevitable sequence, as, say, Robert Pinsky's *An Explanation of America* does. But what's noteworthy about *The One Day* is its bite, a sardonic humor that from time to time surfaces into bitterness, as in these lines from its third section ("To Build a House") about corrupt housebuilding in latter-day New England:

> Buy fifty acres of pasture from the
> widower:
> Survey, cut a road, subdivide; bulldoze the
> unpainted
> barn, selling eighteenth-century beams
> with bark
> still on them; bulldoze foundation granite
> that oxen sledded;
> bulldoze stone walls set with lost skill;
> bulldoze the Cape
> the widower lived in; . . .
> Build weekend houses
> for skiers and swimmers; build Slope 'n'
> Shore; name the new
>
> road Blueberry Muffin Lane; build
> Hideaway Homes
> for executives retired from pricefixing for
> General Electric
> and migrated north out of Greenwich to
> play bridge
> with neighbors migrated north out of
> Darien. Build huge
> centrally heated Colonial ranches—brick,
> stone and wood
> confounded together—on pasture slopes
> that were white
> with clover, to block public view of Blue
> Mountain.

Heretofore Hall mainly had kept his "deep" feelings separate from his ironic-satirical ones, but they are together now and give his tone a darker, more fantastic coloring than it previously showed.

The combining of feelings in an irony that goes deep is even more satisfyingly present in *The Museum of Clear Ideas*, especially in the title poem, which consists of thirty-eight odes written by one Horsecollar (Horace Horsecollar was a minor Walt Disney character). Lacking Latin, Hall informs us in a note, Horsecollar undertakes to follow the original Horace visually by reproducing the number and shape of stanzas in Horace's first book of odes. The resultant poems don't just look like their Horatian counterparts, they are written in syllabics as well. It is an amazing tour de force. Hall, who wrote a profile of Marianne Moore, herself a mistress of syllabic verse, succeeds here in writing quantitative verse in English that is not only correct but extremely readable.

The poems are further related to their classical predecessors at the level of subject and content. Horsecollar's fifteenth ode, for example, models itself on Horace's "Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus," in which Paris, speeding back to Troy with Helen, is suddenly held up for instruction as Nereus checks the winds and prophesies what will come of their adultery. Horsecollar's ode is titled "When the Young Husband" and gives us this man picking up "his friend's pretty wife" for lunch and a first afternoon of

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passion in a hotel room. As the car, like Paris's ship, stops in traffic, "Prophecy" speaks: "The misery you undertake this afternoon / will accompany you to the ends of your lives." After proceeding to unravel the scene to come ("the first / kiss with open mouths, nakedness, swoon, thrust-and-catch; / endorphins followed by endearments"), "Prophecy" provides a longer vista of events:

> Then, by turn: tears, treachery, anger,
> betrayal;
> marriages and houses destroyed;
>
> small children abandoned and
> inconsolable,
> their foursquare estates disestablished
> forever.

It is an arresting poem, made more so by a strategy that Hall practices in many of the odes, that of having Horsecollar's poem come to a seeming end, only to be followed, after a break, by a further reach of words (no Horatian equivalent for these) that contradict or present an alternate perspective to the one just stated. In "When the Young Husband" the answering voice begins

> Or say: Why this whining? You liked
> your nooky well enough, back when
> you had your teeth....

and proceeds to insist on how much the "You" enjoyed his adulteries—how much the energy of his middle years was devoted to "security measures: / maildrops, codes and safehouses." It concludes with a nasty but telling question:

> Do you croon guilt's anthem now
> —after twenty years of diligence
> and a gold watch—because your bald
> agent retires from the company?

The long poem "Baseball" is a more relaxed and genial venture than either *The One Day* or the Horsecollar odes. It is built on the conceit of the poet explaining the game to an outsider, specifically Kurt Schwitters, the Dadaist collagist. Each of the nine "innings" into which the poem is divided contains nine stanzas of nine lines, every line with nine syllables. This quite extraordinary prosodic feat is all the greater for its being unobtrusive; the poem moves swiftly, yet seems to be taking its time:

> All winter aged ballplayers try
> rehearsing their young manhood, running
> and throwing in Florida's sunshine;
> they remain old. In my sixtieth
> year I wake fretting over some new
> failure....

The trick is to talk about baseball in terms of life and vice versa. The trick, in other words, is metaphor, saying one thing while meaning another:

> The bodies of major league baseball
> players are young. We age past the field
> so quickly; we diminish, watching
> over decades, observing the young
> as they dodder....

The poem's speaker is called "K. C." (as in At The Bat) and sounds like Donald Hall; he has a wife Jennifer (Jane Kenyon, scarcely in disguise) and lives in rural New Hampshire. There is no attempt to effect a separation between the man who suffers and enjoys, and the mind that creates. Yet the cool, humorous but genuinely exploratory way in which Hall treats his material serves as a check against sentimentality and mawkish self-revelation. It is a matter of taste and judgment, both qualities on ample display here as sometimes they are in baseball.

After the nine innings conclude, we have the astringent interruption of Horsecollar's odes, and then, in an excellent stroke of judgment, the book ends with three "Extra Innings." As the game lengthens, so does Hall's poetic line, from ten- to eleven- to the twelve-syllable line of the final inning. The analogy between games of baseball and games of poetry is established through lore appropriate to each; but if you don't pick up on all that lore, you're not condemned to exclusion from the reading experience. That is, you may not know anything about the Red Sox or Dwight Evans ("Kurt, last night Dwight Evans put it all / together") and you may recognize precious little about syllabic verse. Still, I think the main rhythms and tones and sense of "Baseball" come through.

The twelfth and final inning, ending the book, coincides in time with the fall of 1991, and the poem's tone deepens beyond the chatty, sharp wit of earlier innings or the asperities of the Horsecollar odes. Inning twelve is elegiac, and though Hall from his early days as a poet has been prone to elegy, he has now earned the right to it:

> Today as the leaves fall
> red and amber, our town's yellow schoolbus
> returns
> up the gravel road in a mild September
> rain
> for the waiting child who wears his yellow
> slicker
> and carries last year's beat-up Big Bird
> lunchbox, first
> day of school. Chill nights at Fenway bring
> April back
> with annual ironies of remembered dreams
> and retrospective foresight—as gardens go
> down
> behind the house, under the hill. Here
> Jennifer

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last spring raised a wild dazzlement of
daffodils,
and under the high sun of July prodigious
peonies of privacy, whiter than winter;

. . . . where buttercups flourished by a stony
wellhead,
now dry stalks wither. . . .

As Hurricane Bob shuts down Fenway Park two days in a row,

K. C. monitors a possible recurrence
by checking the level of his blood's CEA
each quarter, raising anxiety to lose it
for three months more of Jennifer's shorts,
poetry,
and baseball. My father is thirty-five years
dead,
buried on Christmas Eve. . . .

Coleridge once exclaimed, "All the images rose up before me as life," and something like this occurs at moments in reading Hall—the illusion that we're dealing not with words on the page, artfully arranged, but with life itself, the very thing. The poem has reference.

The end of *The Museum of Clear Ideas* leads us directly to *Life Work*, about which not much needs to be said except that, as the author remarks near its close, "This book ends otherwise than it started." So do all books, yet it may be that this one is shorter than originally conceived because of the cancer surgery in which Hall loses "two-thirds of my liver and nine-tenths of my complacency." Shorter or not, it is "otherwise" in that halfway into the book, with its hero under the knife, the reading and writing stakes seem to have been raised. "Keep your health and woik, woik, woik," said his Connecticut grandfather Hall. With health not exactly kept—though the operation is successful—the life work of writing takes on an even greater burden of urgent necessity, so that when we read once more about grandfather Wesley Wells's day on the farm, or of the "women's work" done by his wife Kate, we see also that writing about this is the only alternative to weeping. You can't watch the Red Sox day and night.

What makes *Life Work* invigorating, a book on the side of life rather than the other thing, is a saving, tough humor that reminds us of Horsecollar's Odes, though it is less programmatic. While Hall waits to be admitted to the hospital for the operation, his wife bumps into an acquaintance "who is possibly (in the argot of Carlton Fisk) 'dumb as a stick.'" The acquaintance asks her about their health, and after she tells him her husband's situation the man mumbles to her—"with a musing, faraway look in his eyes—'I never did get to know Don, the way I wanted to.'" Hall's apt comment on the whole thing is, "Oh, it's a burden for us *morituri*, the way we frighten everybody." At another moment, taking the dog for a walk, he is annoyed to find himself still working, forming sentences like "leaves that mark the dirt underneath with their bright signatures." He tells himself to shut up and stop the writing for a while. Doubtless salutary advice, so long as he stops it only for a while. Near the beginning of the book Hall expresses the hope that he is doing his "Best Work—although I understand that it is unlikely at sixty-three and a half." Unlikely it may be, but in *The Museum of Clear Ideas* and *Life Work* this is exactly what Donald Hall has done, and we are the beneficiaries.

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD teaches English at Amherst College. His *Frost, A Literary Life Reconsidered* has just been reissued by the University of Massachusetts Press.

At Steepletop

1.
This is the morning of the flowering quince.
Up from the stone pool, where pine needles lie
like shorn red hair around the twig chairs,
the garden resumes its pilgrim's progress.
If we thought jonquils were its pinnacle,
behold the blushing quince. Scentless,
it revels in a scent unknown to us.
Its cupped blossoms mark places in the air
we can't turn back to.

2.
Let this place anchor in memory
like the birdless birdbath sunk into pine needles.
Let its aspect take on the colors of marble benches
sitting sixty-five years in sun and rain:
blue, rose, gold, shadow, pearl.
These pines first schooled the wind in speech.
These fiddlehead ferns, scrolled
threats in the meadow,
I love as I love my nightmares—
the clearest idea of terror,
against which all calm is measured.

3.
Calm, calm, the slats of the blue-green bench
break in waves of shadow on the stone wall.
The sound of the stream is everywhere.
Marsh marigolds blossom by it
like water bursting into another dimension—
the stare of sound. And the shadblow,
coeval with the hatching of the shad,
flicks its white petals like ash.

4.
The sky was everything it wanted to be.
The clouds were stiff asters
snapped from their stems. And the moon
fairly trembled among them, as a man overcome
by too-great joy shakes his head,
softly, a no saying yes.

5.
I was dreaming of you
while you were dreaming of me.
We were two characters on facing pages
in a book closed by night.

JESSICA HORNIK

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TRB *continued from page 4*

"malpractice specialists"—we give *too many* tests, thus driving up costs. Of course malpractice lawsuits only occur when the failure to give a test turns out badly—when an MRI for a headache would have caught that one-in-a-million brain tumor. So even under minimalist health care reform, *Journal*-style anecdotes like those the *Journal* claims to find so alarming will increase.

The decision not to perform an MRI, even when there is a one-in-a-million chance of finding a tumor, is in effect health care rationing. Any health care system defines an appropriate standard of care, if only through the tort laws, and any such standard weighs cost against chance of success. What is more, any reform of America's system—be it "market-oriented" or otherwise—will take a more stringent view of the cost-benefit trade-off than the never-never land system we have now.

Even without reform, market forces are already driving Americans by the millions (including the employees of this magazine) into managed care arrangements. "Free market" style reforms being pushed by conservative Republicans will only speed this development. So to hold out managed care as a great bugaboo of the Clinton reform plan is absurd.

A recent Heritage Foundation broadside asserts that the Clinton plan will raise the budget deficit by $810 billion, even after $900 billion in "new taxes." At the same time, conservatives insist that Clinton will ration care to save money. The numbers are fantastic, of course—just the latest bid in the propaganda bidding war. But take them at face value. How will Heritage avoid spending this alleged $1.710 trillion? Who will not get those alleged dollars, or the health services they buy?

Conservatives and Republicans intone that there is "no health care crisis." Meanwhile, their own "minimalist" reform plans would constitute the biggest new social welfare program since the Great Society, and the biggest government intrusion into the workings of private industry since Richard Nixon's wage and price controls.

The coming debate is not about a "free market" vs. "socialism" for health care, or about unlimited freedom to choose your own doctor and treatment vs. regimentation and rationing. It is about different degrees and styles of government involvement in health care, and about the best way to impose limits on our health care appetites that are inevitable in any event.

Are we capable of having such a debate?

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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Peace in the Middle East (2)

Is the peace with Egypt an encouraging example for Israel?

In the on-again/off-again Mid-East Peace negotiations the Arabs expect that, in exchange for peace, the territories that they consider to be "occupied" by Israel be restored to them, specifically, the so-called "West Bank", Gaza, and the Golan Heights.

What are the facts?

Peace with Egypt is the coldest possible. For its agreement to make true peace with Israel, Egypt received the huge Sinai Peninsula in which Israel had invested over $10 billion. It had created flourishing cities, some of the most advanced military and naval installations in the world, and had developed oil fields that would have made it energy independent for the foreseeable future. Without firing a shot, Egypt received all of this, plus generous grants from the United States—$40 billion to date. What Egypt gave in return was a piece of paper. And even that was hedged. It would allow Egypt to join in an "Arab War" against Israel. The peace between Israel and Egypt, which the Israelis had envisioned to be like the peace between Germany and France, turned out, unfortunately, to be the "coldest peace" possible. It is, less of a peace than a de facto state of non-belligerence. The Israeli ambassador in Cairo is isolated and blacklisted and does not participate in any official functions of the Egyptian government. There is practically no trade between the two countries and no cultural exchange. The public sector of Egypt, which constitutes 80% of the total economy is forbidden to do business with Israel. Private enterprises are actively discouraged and often threatened when they try to become engaged with Israeli firms. Israeli firms are barred form submitting tenders for local projects. For "security reasons" Israeli firms are not allowed to participate in trade fairs. Although quite a few Israelis visit Egypt, hardly any Egyptians go to Israel since those who do wish to visit are summoned to the security police for lengthy interrogation.

"Israel's present government must be commended for proceeding with the greatest caution in the current peace negotiations."

Not forthcoming on diplomatic front. Many Israelis have been killed in Egypt or on the Egyptian border. The Egyptian media, including the official and semi-official press, are full of anti-Israel and anti-Jewish venom, preaching hatred and prejudice. There have been numerous instances of "crazed" Egyptian soldiers shooting up Israeli buses traveling along the border highways, to the general applause of the state-controlled media. On the diplomatic front, the Egyptians aren't any more forthcoming. Egypt spearheaded the campaign to keeping the "Zionism is racism" resolution in the U.N., contrary to U.S. wishes. Egypt exerts much effort to prevent African countries from establishing or renewing diplomatic relations with Israel. Egyptian diplomats, including Butros-Butros Ghali, now secretary general of the United Nations, lobbied fervently against the loan guarantees that Israel needed to absorb and to settle the hundreds of thousands of Jewish refugees who have already arrived or will still arrive form the former Soviet Union.

The saving grace for Israel in its very cold peace with Egypt is that the Sinai is very large, and serves as a buffer zone. But in the Golan Heights, which the Syrians wish to have returned in exchange for "peace", and the "West Bank" and Gaza, which the Palestinians whish to have given to them as a "reward" for stopping the "intifada", there is no room at all for buffer zones. Although autonomy for the native Arab population is definitely an Israeli policy goal and a commitment under the Camp David Accords, the "West Bank" and Gaza and the Golan cannot possibly be surrendered to another sovereignty for any foreseeable future. It would make Israel totally indefensible. If the peace with Egypt is an example of what peace with Syria or with the Palestinians would look like, Israel's present government must be commended for proceeding with the greatest caution in the current negotiations and not to entrust its survival to empty promises. Only when the Arabs truly accept Israel as part of the Middle East should any further "land for peace" adjustments be considered.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Brother Act

LIVING IN WASHINGTON IS THE most agreeable way of living in New York, which is one of the reasons I live here. There are days, though, when I wish I were there, and not here; and one of those days was Election Day, 1993. It would have delighted me to vote for Giuliani. A vote for Giuliani, I explained to a friend, not completely in jest, was the Dreyfusard vote. The look on my friend's face demanded that I explain my explanation. And so I said that it was the great lesson of the Dreyfus affair that there are times when the fate of a single individual is all you need to know for the purpose of making a political decision. Alfred Dreyfus was returned to his life. Yankel Rosenbaum was not. Thus it happened that a vote for a good, kindly, thoughtful man, I mean Dinkins, came to seem like nothing less than an act of moral idiocy. New York warps.

I WAS NOT EXACTLY ARDENT about Giuliani; he seemed no stranger to the politics of resentment himself. But the call was an easy one. This week, however, I am ardent about him. He has struck a blow for sanity: he has refused to meet with the Reverend Al Sharpton. Oh happy day. For there is no more chilling measure of the corruption of race relations, and civic life, and political discourse, in New York than the prestige of Al Sharpton. Every man and woman in the city knows that he is a proven liar and he rises. The governor sees him. ("Positive" and "mature," Cuomo said about Sharpton's performance in a debate in 1992.) The mayor greets (I mean, greeted) him with bear hugs. The press hangs on his every word and dotes on his every appearance.

THE NEW YORK TIMES IN PARTICULAR has broken new ground in metropolitan Orwellianism. A year or so ago there appeared in the paper's magazine "The Reformation of a Street Preacher" by Catherine S. Manegold, a long, fond look at the progressive pachyderm, which included sentences such as this one: "Standing in a typical pose, his thick legs spread wide like braces beneath that famously capacious frame, his dark hands laced across his paunch and his soft chin tucked back in a way that can, at times, seem almost childish, the Rev. Alfred Charles Sharpton Jr. cuts a singular picture of pugnacity." But the paper was unembarrassed, and so last week Alan Finder reported from Albany that "the Reuben sandwich was fine, but for the Rev. Al Sharpton the sweetest part of the meal came after the dessert," when "a gaggle of reporters" asked him again to dwell on Giuliani's lack of interest in making his acquaintance. "Mr. Giuliani's snub clearly energized Mr. Sharpton and brought him a new platform," the new platform observed. And in a fine Clintonian editorial the paper divagated that "the mayor's refusal to meet with the Rev. Al Sharpton ... was probably a healthy signal.... But mayors have to be restrained as well as forceful.... Reducing racial tensions is a two-way process. But it is always the burden of the victorious executive—whether city, state or federal—to lead the healing process." The *Times* takes a stand!

NOW THAT LORENA BOBBITT'S lawyers have announced that she, too, wishes to begin "the healing process," it is time to retire the metaphor. But not before a moment's pause over the notion that "healing" cannot be accomplished without truth. And the truth about Sharpton is that he is the perfect protection artist for a reforming society. Sharpton runs not one protection racket, he runs two: the first in white guilt, the second in black anger. He has grasped that white guilt and black anger need each other, and grasped also that he needs them both. The more change is recognized, the less Sharpton is recognized. And so, for the purpose of keeping white guilt and black anger from taking yes for an answer, Sharpton has made himself into a gigantic, immutable, meretricious no. He is not the walking wounded, he is the walking wound; or so he would like blacks and whites to believe. "By what arrogance does the Giuliani administration choose who can talk to them?" he demanded to know on January 14. "We're not going back to being disrespected and disregarded." That first person plural is the Sharpton touch: he swells himself to the size of his group. By what arrogance? I am not privy. But the trick works. Finder reported in the *Times* that "many black officials ... who do not see eye to eye with Mr. Sharpton on many matters ... said it was insulting for white elected officials to suggest that he [Giuliani] would decide who represents black New Yorkers." A state senator from Harlem said that "the community is universally incensed by this kind of treatment of people who are renowned in our neighborhoods, like Reverend Sharpton."

RENOWNED IN THEIR NEIGHBORhoods, this bullshitter? As the brick wall in the Spike Lee movie put it, Tawana told the truth; but not the truth Tawana thought she told. That stunt alone should have sufficed to disqualify Sharpton from the consideration of serious people. It seems to have disqualified him from the consideration of the mayor. So the comedy proceeded. "I think that Giuliani is not clear," Sharpton told the *Times* last week, "that Brawley was '87 and this is '94. That was seven years ago." Oh, I see. We are to remember the events of the last century and we are to forget the events of the last decade. Up with collective memory, down with individual memory. These, please understand, are not the cultural instructions of a paranoid. Paranoia is a distinguished tradition in the history of the oppressed. These are the cultural instructions of an opportunist.

IT IS THE DUMB AND DIABOLICAL luck of amnesia artists such as Sharpton to find themselves in a society that loves to live in the present, that experiences history as news, that prefers an "attention span" to a historical consciousness. But I am flying too high. Deep pondering is not what Sharpton deserves. He deserves efficient scorn, which is what Giuliani expressed. Giuliani said nothing racist; he said only what every sentient New Yorker knows, which is that Sharpton is essentially "divisive," that he is a polarization profiteer. If I were a black citizen of the city, I would be glad to learn that the mayor did not mistake me for this camera-chasing caricature. But what do I know? I am a white man who lives in Washington and reads books. The other night, though, I was reading a book by Ralph Ellison, looking for his description of Mahalia Jackson at the Newport Jazz Festival, and I opened the book to this: "There is also an American Negro tradition which teaches one to deflect racial provocation and to master and contain pain. It is a tradition which abhors as obscene any trading on one's own anguish for gain or sympathy; which springs not from a desire to deny the harshness of existence but from a will to deal with it as men at their best have always done."

LEON WIESELTIER

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

A "Typical" Story

While Americans talk about improving education, establishing national goals and standards, professionalizing teaching and empowering individual schools to be creative, something is happening that will wipe out the benefits of all these changes. That is the move toward requiring that students with extreme emotional/behavioral problems be educated in regular classrooms. This subject is not much talked about because it is not politically correct to do so. Proposals to educate such students separately are met with arguments to the effect that separate is never equal and the separation of violent and disruptive students is just as immoral as legally sanctioned racial segregation.

So three cheers for Pete Idstein, now a graduate professor of education at Wilmington College and formerly principal of Etta J. Wilson Elementary School in Wilmington, Delaware. In "Swimming Against the Mainstream" (*Phi Delta Kappan*, December 1993), Idstein tells a story every American needs to know. His story is all the more powerful because he is clearly what those on the Right would call a "bleeding heart Liberal" rather than what those on the Left would dub a "law-and-order Conservative."

Like most Americans, Idstein welcomes the idea that all our kids, including those with disabilities, have a right to a public education. He also embraces the idea that we should try to educate all youngsters together—those with and those without disabilities—because they will be living and working together later in life. And he agrees that many students who are now educated separately could be successfully integrated into regular classrooms. But he breaks with the establishment in his realization that it is not always possible to keep all kids together and maintain an effective educational climate in the classroom.

Within a month Ronald's behavior began to stand out: "He would scream, throw furniture, talk to himself and hit other children with unmatched fervor."

Idstein tells the story of one student, "Ronald Doe," a second grader "with above-average intelligence...[whose] behavior was severe enough to warrant placement in a Level 1 special education classroom at the start of the year." This was a "mainstreamed" classroom in which one-third of the students were "special education" and two-thirds were "from the general population, including top students."

Within a month, Ronald's behavior began to stand out: "He would scream, throw furniture, talk to himself and hit other children with unmatched fervor." Two outstanding teachers made "a heroic effort to catch him being good" so they could praise and reward him. But Ronald's disruptive behavior escalated. He was disciplined, "more as a model for the other children in the classroom than in the hope of changing [his] behavior." It took a great amount of teacher time, Idstein says, to deal with Ronald individually, "keep a daily log of his behavior, write an individual behavioral contract and meet with his mother and me to agree on appropriate rewards and punishments." The loss of instructional time for the class was huge.

Ronald's behavior got worse. Idstein reports that Ronald started licking other students' faces. He "also rolled around on the floor, thereby delaying recess or lunch. He [ate] paste, paper clips [and] staples... and repeatedly stabbed himself in the arm with pencils. He...alternated between screaming and laughing raucously. In general, he pushed every button he could think of to make his teacher to push the button on the wall that would summon [Idstein] to come to the rescue."

Idstein describes numerous strategies aimed at trying to integrate Ronald. Idstein and the teachers visited his home to establish a closer personal relationship and provided transportation for his mother to attend meetings with teachers. They anonymously sent food and gifts. Eventually they said, "Enough is enough." They wanted a different kind of placement. But that was easier said than done: It took nearly nine months, "hundreds of hours of work and thousands of dollars to achieve." They had to convince the special education bureaucracy and Ronald's mother, without whose permission the school district could move Ronald only by going to court. This would have taken many more months, huge sums for legal fees and time lost for witnesses. And even with this "voluntary" resolution of the problem, there was the cost of "time taken from teachers, principals, psychologists, educational diagnosticians, the director of special services and the transportation division."

Idstein says he chose Ronald's story as the focus of his discussion because it is a "typical" one. There was a huge cost in dollars, but more devastating was the demoralization of the teachers and the educational time lost by the other children in the class: "Most of them were neither special education students nor gifted students; they were the usual mix of children who form the bulk of our student population and who stand without advocate in the political arenas of education." Shouldn't we be equally concerned about the education of these children?

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

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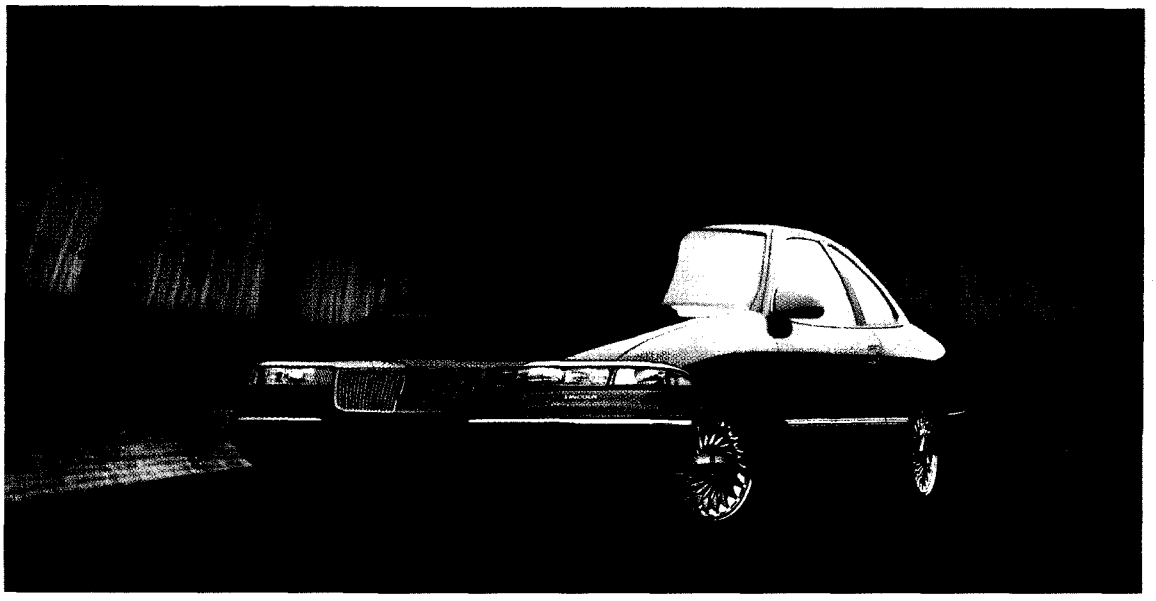

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Red Carpet Lease

*Based on total sales from 1/01/93-12/30/93. **Driver and right-front passenger Supplemental Restraint System. Always wear your safety belt. †Lease payment based on average capitalized cost of 90.00% MSRP for Mark VIII for 24-month closed-end Ford Credit Red Carpet Leases purchased in the U.S. from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31, 1993. Some payments higher, some lower. See dealer for payment and terms. Payments may be higher in AK, CT, KY, MA, MO, NC, RI, TX & WV. For special lease terms, take new retail delivery from dealer stock by 4/05/94. Lessee may have option to buy vehicle at lease end at a price negotiated with the dealer at signing. Lessee is responsible for excess wear/tear and $.11 per mile over 30,000 miles. Credit approval/insurability determined by Ford Credit. Total of monthly payments is $12,936. ††Excludes tax, title and other fees. Optional wheels shown not included in price.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford Buckle up—together we can save lives.

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